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SPECIMENS  
OF  
FOREIGN STANDARD LITERATURE.  
VOL. XIV.



✓  
SPECIMENS  
OF  
FOREIGN STANDARD LITERATURE.

EDITED ✓  
BY GEORGE RIPLEY.

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VOL. XIV.  
CONTAINING  
SONGS AND BALLADS;

TRANSLATED FROM  
UHLAND, KÖRNER, BÜRGER,  
AND OTHER  
GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

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BOSTON:  
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.  
LONDON:  
JOHN GREEN, 121 NEWGATE STREET.  
1842.

As wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding, and many civil virtues, be imported into our minds from foreign writings; — we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise.

MILTON, *History of Britain, Book III.*

✓  
SONGS AND BALLADS;



TRANSLATED FROM

UHLAND, KÖRNER, BÜRGER,

AND OTHER

GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

WITH NOTES.

✓✓  
BY CHARLES T. BROOKS.

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1842.

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## TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

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MOST of the pieces in this volume may be called songs. It contains a few odes, elegies, and other small poems; but it is chiefly made up of songs and ballads. The Germans are remarkably rich in this department—rich, not only in the number, but also in the character and literary finish, of their popular songs. Probably, except those of Shakspeare and Burns, no class of songs, in any language, even the Spanish, will be found to equal Körner's war songs.

Many of the miscellaneous pieces, in the latter half of the volume, particularly of those which are classed together as "Songs of Life," are taken from a book, bearing the following quaint title: "The Mildheim Song-Book, containing eight hundred Songs, sportive and serious, about all Things in the World, and all Circumstances of Human Life, which can be sung of; collected for the Friends of innocent Festivity

and genuine Virtue, which does not hang its Head ; by Rudolph Zacharias Becker." This song-book contains a very rich collection.

Most of the light songs, which fall into the department of "Nature," as well as many of the preceding class, were originally translated for, and from, juvenile song-books. Hence they are anonymous to the translator. He has inserted them in the hope of pleasing youthful readers, trusting that his book will find some readers of that class. It is gratifying to see that music is fast finding its way into our schools, as a branch of regular instruction. The following testimony, from Dr. Martin Luther, is given at the end of the Mildheim Song-Book: "There is no doubt that many seeds of noble virtues are to be found in such souls as are touched by music ; but those who have no feeling for it, I hold them to be like stocks and stones. Whoso despises music, as all fanatics do, with him I am not pleased. For music is a gift of God, not an invention of man. It drives away the devil, and makes people cheerful. Then they forget all wrath, impurity, pride, and other vices. After theology, I give music the next place, and highest honor ; and we see how David and all saints have uttered their devout thoughts in verse, rhyme, and song. Music I

have always held dear. He who is cunning at this art, is of a good sort, apt for every thing. We must of necessity maintain music in the schools: a school-master must be able to sing,—otherwise I do not look at him.”

It does not become an author to take the pen out of the hand of the critic — to forestall or to deprecate the remarks of others. The translator of this volume has, therefore, but a few words to say of its literary execution. Some of the verses may remind the reader of what a poet of our own says about

“Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar  
Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling car,”

without exemplifying, however, what follows, namely, that the said English

“Fits like mosaic, in the lines that gird  
Fast in its place each many-angled word.”

It is to be hoped, in the present case, that the car has not, in some instances, jolted so much as to upset. The translator has, throughout, striven to be faithful to the melody,—a most important part of a lyric poem's meaning. He fears that, in a few cases, he may have sacrificed the soul's words to an unimportant jingling of sounds. In the case of the first stanza of

Uhland's "Lost Church," the second stanza of his "Pilgrim," and the last of Körner's "Sword Song," the liberty has been taken of making two stanzas out of one, for the sake of bringing in all the meaning without murdering the melody. But in almost every instance, it is believed that these translations will be found faithful to the word of the original, so far as the difference of idiom between the two languages, and the comparative deficiency of the English in rhyme, would permit.

The translator offers this volume to the public, fully conscious of its deficiencies as a *specimen*-book, even of German *lyric* poetry. The wealth of this department of the German literature has revealed itself to him more and more as he has gone on; and now he feels that, on the shore of the great ocean, he has picked up many pebbles, though some *pearls*. Many of his fellow-students of German will undoubtedly miss some of their old favorites here; he hopes this book may lead them to gain some new ones. It will also be observed, however, that the volume contains a number of old and familiar pieces, newly translated — some that have been often before translated, and admirably, too, by distinguished writers. But the retranslations in the present work have been published

simply with the feeling that they bring their mite of value towards a complete representation of the meaning and melody of the original pieces.

As to the division of the book, it was made simply for convenience of reference, and not with the most distant idea of including all the principal German poets, or the best pieces of all whose names do appear. Had such been the intention, the volume would have been singularly defective in regard to Tieck, Novalis, Voss, Wieland, Jacobi, Hauff, Arndt, Claudius, Herder, Kleist, Pfeffel, Stolberg, Weisse, and many others.

The translator closes, with his warm thanks to the friends who have contributed translations to the volume. Their initials will be found affixed to their several pieces, and their names in the table of contents. May he not express, without any impropriety, his particular obligations to the friend and scholar who has so exquisitely represented Frederic Rückert, and restrung, for this collection, so many pearls?

NEWPORT, R. I., *March* 15, 1842.



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UHLAND.

Simple songs are we, — romances, —  
All of light and easy measure, —  
What one either sings or dances,  
Hums or whistles, at his pleasure.

*From the Preface to the First Edition*



# UHLAND.

---

## POOR MAN'S SONG.

A poor man's lot, please Heaven, is mine ;  
I roam the world alone ;  
And, could I only not repine,  
The world were all mine own.

Once in my parents' house I played,  
A joyous, thoughtless boy ;  
But since those friends in dust were laid,  
I've felt no ray of joy.

I see the rich man's garden shine,  
The golden harvest glow ;  
Alas ! the barren road is mine,  
Where toil and sorrow go.

And yet, while thus I journey on  
Amid the joyous throng,  
And *wish* good day to every one,  
Though grief hath sealed my tongue,—

My bounteous God, how can I say  
I wander joyless here,

When Thou hast strowed the world's highway  
With blessings all so dear ?

Doth not each lowliest hamlet rear  
A holy house to Thee,  
Where organ-peal greets *every* ear,  
And choral melody ?

Sun, moon, and stars, with their mild glow,  
Smile not the less on me ;  
And when the evening-bell peals low,  
Then, Lord, I speak with Thee.

And when, at length, each worthy guest  
Shall to thy courts repair,  
Then, in the wedding-garment dressed,  
I, too, thy feast may share.

## THE CHAPEL.

YONDER chapel, on the mountain,  
Looks upon a vale of joy;  
There, below, by moss and fountain,  
Gayly sings the herdsman's boy.

Hark! upon the breeze descending,  
Sound of dirge and funeral bell;  
And the boy, his song suspending,  
Listens, gazing from the dell.

Homeward to the grave they're bringing  
Forms that graced the peaceful vale;  
Youthful herdsman, gayly singing!  
Thus they'll chant thy funeral wail.

## SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY SONG.

THIS is the Lord's own day !  
On the broad meadow, all alone,  
I hear the morning-bell's last tone —  
Now *that* has died away.

In prayer I bend the knee ;  
Mysterious joy ! O bliss profound !  
Methinks unseen ones throng around,  
And kneel in prayer with me.

Now, near and far away,  
All is so solemn, still, and bright,  
Heaven seems just opening to the sight ;  
This *is* the Lord's own day !

## SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

THE mountain shepherd boy am I ;  
The castles all below me spy.  
The sun sends me his earliest beam,  
Leaves me his latest, lingering gleam.  
I am the boy of the mountain !

The mountain torrent's home is here,  
Fresh from the rock I drink it clear ;  
As out it leaps with furious force,  
I stretch my arms and stop its course.  
I am the boy of the mountain !

I claim the mountain for my own ;  
In vain the winds around me moan ;  
From north to south let tempests brawl, —  
My song shall swell above them all.  
I am the boy of the mountain !

Thunder and lightning below me lie,  
Yet here I stand in upper sky ;  
I know them well, and cry, " Harm not  
My father's lowly, peaceful cot."  
I am the boy of the mountain !

But when I hear the alarm-bell sound,  
When watchfires gleam from the mountains round,  
Then down I go and march along,  
And swing my sword and sing my song.  
I am the boy of the mountain !

## RESOLUTION.

SHE comes to these still groves ; I hear her ;  
And now I feel a bolder heart.  
The gentle child — why need I fear her ?  
She never caused one breast to smart.

The others, they all gladly greet her ;  
But I pass by — occasion flies ;  
The loveliest of the stars, I meet her,  
Yet ne'er to her can lift my eyes.

The flowers all bow, and seem to know her ;  
The birds in merry carols vie ;  
All they their love may freely show her ;  
Ah ! why so timid only I ?

To Heaven how often I've lamented,  
The whole night long, most bitterly !  
But I have never yet attempted  
The one small word, the — " I love thee."

Here every day I've seen her walking,  
And here beneath the trees I'll lie ;  
Like one in dreams, I'll still keep talking,  
And call her my sweet life for aye.

I will — ah me ! ah, woe betide me !  
She's coming now — she'll see me here ;  
I'll to the thicket run and hide me,  
There watch her pass and disappear.

J. S. D.



## BAD NEIGHBORHOOD

I QUIT this narrow room but rarely,  
Yet even here is labor sore;  
My books are open late and early;  
Still o'er the self-same page I pore.

For, ah ! that flute, so sweetly pealing,  
Now leads my willing thoughts astray,  
And now one look I must be stealing  
At my fair neighbor o'er the way.

## ON A POET WHO WAS STARVED TO DEATH.

SUCH lot was thine — pale sorrow marked  
Thy short and dismal day;  
Just as a poet should, hast thou  
Dried up and passed away.

E'en at thy cradle's side the muse  
Gave token of thy fate;  
To nought but song thy infant mouth  
She then did consecrate.

Thy tender mother early died;  
There, too, we read thy doom,  
And felt that ne'er from earthly breast  
For thee should fortune bloom.

The world's o'erflowing cup of joy  
'Twas not for thee to sip;  
The sparkling rim might glad thine eye,  
But never touch thy lip!

The smile of Spring was life to thee;  
Her blossoms wove thy dream;  
But others stripped the bending tree,  
And drank the purple stream.

Full often, on the festive day,  
Cold water thou hast poured,  
When with thy songs the sons of wealth  
Have spiced their groaning board.

E'en here below we looked on thee  
As scarce with flesh endued,  
And now thou hast gone home again  
To eat ambrosial food.

Farewell! We carry to the grave  
What *seems* a corpse to be!  
Thy step was light upon the earth—  
May earth rest light on thee!

B

## THE PASSAGE.

YEARS have vanished, like a dream,  
Since I ferried o'er this stream;  
Flood and castle, as of old,  
Glimmer now in evening's gold.

Two companions, loved and tried,  
Then sailed over by my side;  
One was fatherlike — the other  
Young and generous as a brother.

One in quiet spent life's day,  
Then sank quietly away;  
But the other earlier passed  
Home through battle and through blast.

When I thus live fondly o'er  
Days gone by to come no more,  
I must ever miss and mourn  
Friends whom death has from me torn.

Yet when heart and heart unite,  
Friendship's chain is then most bright;  
Thus the friends to memory dear  
Still, in soul, are with me here.

Threefold fare, O pilot, take,  
For a grateful stranger's sake ;  
Two, that ferried o'er with me,  
Spirits were, unseen by thee.

## A POET'S BLESSING.

As I roamed the fields along,  
Listening to the linnet's song,  
I beheld an old man there,  
Toiling hard, with hoary hair.

" Blessings on this field," I cried,  
" Such a faithful laborer's pride !  
Blessings on this withered hand,  
Scattering seed along the land ! "

Answered me his look severe : —  
" Poet's blessing boots not here ;  
Like the wrath of Heaven it falls ;  
Flowers, not corn, to life it calls."

" Friend ! these songs of lighter hours  
Waken not too many flowers ;  
Just enough to deck the land,  
And fill thy little grandson's hand."

## SUNDOWN.

Now the sun, his journey ending,  
Sinks, his burning brow to lave ;  
How he lingers, still descending  
To the tranquil western wave !  
Hushed each breeze and calm each billow ;  
Gilded clouds attend his way ;  
Ocean smooths her rugged pillow  
To receive the king of day.

Silence comes, with evening shadows.  
On the mountain and the plain ;  
Only in the darkling meadows  
Still the quail prolongs her strain ;  
And the lark goes singing, soaring  
Upward from the fragrant dell,  
To the last faint sunbeam pouring  
Gratefully her fond farewell.

## ONE EVENING.

Now, — as if nought had happened, — all is still ;  
    Silent the bell, and hushed the funeral strain.  
My heart grows light — my eyes more freely fill,  
    Since in the grave her gentle form hath lain.  
    While that pale shroud did in the house remain,  
I knew not where to seek my heart's best friend ;  
    She seemed to me somewhere, with mournful mien,  
    Homeless to hover, earth and heaven between.

The evening sun blazed forth ; I sought the shade,  
    And gazed far down upon the meadow's green ;  
On the bright lawn methought two children played,  
    Blooming, as we had bloomed in youth's gay scene.  
    The sun went down ; gray Evening spread her veil ;  
Fled are the visions now, and dark the lawn ;  
    I lift my eyes, and the rich evening-gold,  
    And all my joy on high, in heavenly realms behold !



## A LEAF.

A LEAF falls softly at my feet,  
Sated with rain and summer heat ;  
What time this leaf was green and new,  
I still had parents dear and true.

A leaf — how soon it fades away !  
Child of the spring, the autumn's prey ;  
Yet has this leaf outlived, I see,  
So much that was most dear to me.

## ON A GRAVESTONE.

If on this gravestone thou beholdest  
Two hands together claspéd fast, —  
That means our earthly ties, our oldest,  
So deep, but ah! so short to last!

It means the parting hour, when slowly  
Hand out from hand is wrung with pain ;  
It means the bond of spirits holy,  
The greeting there in heaven again.

J. S. D.

---

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER ! thou didst watch my infant eye  
Drink the earliest beam of earthly day ;  
And I saw thy cheek, when thou didst die,  
Lighted up with heaven's first morning ray !

## THE DYING HEROES.

THE Danish swords are driving Sweden's host  
To the wild coast ;  
Rumbles the distant car ; the steel gleams bright  
By the moon's light.  
There lie, expiring, on the battle plain,  
Ulf, the gray hero, and the blooming Sven.

## SVEN.

O father ! must I feel in youth's bright hour  
Pale Norna's power ?  
Alas ! no more a mother's tender care  
Shall deck my hair.  
In vain my maiden on the lofty tower  
Sits gazing through the weary, anxious hour.

## ULF.

Well may they shudder when we meet their sight  
In dreams by night !  
Yet cheer thee ! Soon that sorrowing heart shall  
break,  
All for thy sake.  
Then shall the loved one, decked with glistening  
gold,  
Thy sparkling cup at Odin's banquet hold.

SVEN.

A song have I begun, framed for the wire  
Of golden lyre,  
Of the dim, distant days of king and knight,  
Of love and fight.  
The harp hangs lonely now ; its wonted tone  
Wakes at the breeze's melancholy moan.

ULF.

High in unclouded sunshine gleams the wall  
Of Odin's hall ;  
The stars roll under it ; far, far below  
The tempests go.  
There with the fathers we shall sup ere long ;  
Now, then, lift up thy voice and end the song !

SVEN.

O father ! must I feel in life's young hour  
Pale Norna's power ?  
Alas ! there gleams no sign of glorious field  
Upon my shield.  
Twelve judges sit, each on his awful throne ;  
Me at the heroes' feast they ne'er will own !

ULF.

There is one deed shall many deeds excel ;  
They mark it well ;  
'Tis when the hero, his loved land to free,  
Falls fearlessly.  
And see ! the foe is flying ! lift thine eyes !  
The heavens are brightening ; *there* our pathway  
lies !

## THE BLIND KING.

WHY stands unmoved that northern host  
High on the seaboard there ?  
Why seeks the old blind king the coast,  
With his white, wild-fluttering hair ?  
He, leaning on his staff the while,  
His bitter grief outpours,  
Till across the bay the rocky isle  
Sounds from its caverned shores.

“ From the dungeon-rock, thou robber ! bring  
My daughter back again !  
Her gentle voice, her harp’s sweet string  
Soothed an old father’s pain.  
From the dance along the green shore  
Thou hast borne her o’er the wave ;  
Eternal shame light on thy head ;  
Mine trembles o’er the grave.”

Forth from his cavern, at the word,  
The robber comes, all steeled,  
Swings in the air his giant sword,  
And strikes his sounding shield :  
A goodly guard attends thee there ;  
Why suffered they the wrong ?  
Is there none will be her champion  
Of all that mighty throng ? ”

Yet from that host there comes no sound ;  
They stand unmoved as stone ;  
The blind king seems to gaze around :  
“ Am I all, all alone ? ”  
“ Not all alone ! ” his youthful son  
Grasps his right hand, so warm  
“ Grant me to meet this vaunting foe !  
Heaven’s might inspires my arm.”

“ O son ! it is a giant foe ;  
There’s none will take thy part ;  
Yet by this hand’s warm grasp, I know,  
Thine is a manly heart.  
Here, take the trusty battle-sword, —  
’Twas the old minstrel’s prize ; —  
If thou art slain, far down the flood  
Thy poor old father dies ! ”

And hark ! a skiff glides swiftly o’er,  
With plashing, spooming sound ;  
The king stands listening on the shore ;  
’Tis silent all around.  
Till soon across the bay is borne  
The sound of shield and sword,  
And battle-cry, and clash, and clang,  
And crashing blows, are heard.

With trembling joy then cried the old king :  
“ Warriors ! what mark you ? tell !  
’Twas my good sword ; I heard it ring ;  
I know its tone right well,”

“ The robber falls ; a bloody meed  
His daring crime hath won ;  
Hail to thee, first of heroes ! hail,  
Thou monarch’s worthy son ! ”

Again ’tis silent all around :  
Listens the king once more :  
“ I hear across the bay the sound  
As of a plashing oar.”  
“ Yes, it is they — they come — they come —  
Thy son, with spear and shield,  
And thy daughter fair, with golden hair,  
The sunny-bright Gunild.”

“ Welcome ! ” exclaims the blind old man,  
From the rock high o’er the wave ;  
“ Now my old age is blest again ;  
Honored shall be my grave.  
Thou, son, shalt lay the sword I wore  
Beside the blind old king.  
And thou, Gunilda, free once more,  
My funeral song shalt sing.”

## THE PILGRIM.

YEARNING for scenes of promised rest,  
The weary pilgrim bends his way,  
Where bright the city of the blest  
Shines in serene, eternal day.

“ In thy pure mirror, crystal stream !  
Soon shall these longing eyes behold,  
Reflected, the celestial gleam  
Of shining gates and spires of gold.

“ Ye rocky hills, that soar on high,  
And stretch across my onward way !  
Your sunny tops e’en now descry  
The far-off gates of endless day !

“ A sound of distant bells draws nigh ;  
On grove and stream the day grows pale :  
O had I wings, that I might fly  
Far, far away o’er hill and vale ! ”

The blissful thought his soul o’erpowers ;  
He faints before the lengthening road,  
And, sinking down amid the flowers,  
Thinks on the city of his God.



“ Alas ! the way grows rough before me ;  
My spirit faints ; my footsteps fail !  
Come, gentle dreams ! steal softly o’er me,  
And waft me to the blessed vale ! ”

He saw the gates of heaven unfold,  
And thus his shining angel spoke :  
“ Shall He the needed power withhold,  
Whose word the burning impulse woke ?

“ But golden dreams and fond desires  
To coward hearts alone are dear ;  
A nobler strength high aim inspires,  
And brings each lovely vision near.”

The fair form fades at morning light ;  
The pilgrim grasps his staff once more,  
Toils on o’er plain and mountain-height,  
And now is at the golden door.

And, lo ! like fond, maternal arms,  
Wide open fly the gates of day,  
And heavenly harpings welcome in  
The pilgrim from his weary way.

## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

THREE students were travelling over the Rhine ;  
They stopped when they came to the landlady's sign.  
“ Good landlady, have you good beer and wine ?  
And where is that dear little daughter of thine.”

“ My beer and wine are fresh and clear ;  
My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier ! ”  
And when to the chamber they made their way,  
There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.

The first he drew near, and the veil gently raised,  
And on her pale face he mournfully gazed :  
“ Ah ! wert thou but living yet,” he said,  
“ I'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid ! ”

The second he slowly put back the shroud,  
And turned him away, and wept aloud :  
“ Ah ! that thou liest in the cold death-bier !  
Alas ! I have loved thee for many a year ! ”

The third he once more uplifted the veil,  
And kissed her upon her mouth so pale :  
“ Thee loved I always ; I love still but thee ;  
And thee will I love through eternity ! ”

J. S. D.

## SERENADE

“WHAT gentle music wakens me,  
And murmurs in my ear?  
O mother! see! who can it be,  
At this late hour, so near?”

“I hear no sound, no form I see;  
Sink to thy rest, so mild;  
No serenade comes now to thee,  
Thou poor and sickly child!”

“It was no music born of earth  
That made my heart so light:  
O mother! 'twas the angels' song  
That summoned me. — Good night!”

## THE POET'S RETURN.

THERE lies the poet on the bier —  
His pale lips closed — their music o'er :  
Sad Daphne binds with yellow hair  
The brow where Memory dwells no more.

In graceful rolls beside him lie  
The last sweet songs the minstrel sung ;  
The lyre he swept so gloriously  
Rests, tuneless, on his arm, unstrung.

And thus he takes his last, long sleep :  
In every ear his song sounds on ;  
But, ah ! it wakens anguish deep  
With thoughts of him forever gone !

Months, years, in rapid course have fled ;  
High o'er his tomb the cypress waves ;  
And they who wept the minstrel dead,  
Now slumber in their silent graves.

Yet oft as smiling spring returns,  
With life and beauty on the plain,  
The long-departed minstrel yearns  
To trace his favorite haunts again.

Through the old paths he loved to tread,  
He glides amid the living throng ;  
And the past age, that mourned him dead,  
Lives only in his deathless song.

## A DREAM.

A DREAM came lately o'er me : —  
I lay upon a steep  
And grassy promontory :  
Behind were hills, before me  
The broad and boundless deep.

Below, at anchor lying,  
I saw a gay skiff ride,  
With painted streamers flying :  
The pilot, near, stood eyeing  
Impatiently the tide ; —

When, lo ! from distant mountains  
There came a merry throng,  
Like lovely angels shining —  
Bright flowers each brow entwining :  
Seaward they swept along.

First in the gay procession,  
A youthful troop advanced ;  
The rest, their beakers swinging,  
With music and with singing,  
Onward merrily danced.

They came, and they spoke to the pilot : --

“ Old man, wilt thou bear us away ?

The Joys and the Pleasures are we,

And we long from the earth to be free :

Old man, wilt thou take us to-day ? ”

They heard the old mariner’s welcome ;

In they crowded, and up went the sail.

“ Now tell me,” he cried, “ merry group,

Is there none of your frolicsome troop

Still lingering by mountain or vale ? ”

They cried, “ We are all ! we are ready !

Crowd sail ! we must hasten ! speed on ! ”

They started ; the breezes blew steady :

I lifted my eyes, and already

The earth’s Joys and Pleasures were gone !

## TOM THUMB.

    Ah ! Tom Thumb, thou little hero !  
    Every where thy fame is sounded ;  
E'en the infant in the cradle  
    At thy story stares astounded.  
Who can hear with eye unmoistened  
    How in dismal woods they found thee,  
When the hungry wolves were howling,  
    And the night-winds groaned around thee !  
Who can read, nor quake with horror, —  
    In the giant's castle sleeping,  
How thou heard'st grim Ogre coming,  
    And thy very flesh was creeping !  
On the rock when slept the giant,  
    Snoring till the woods resounded,  
Thou the seven-leagued boots didst pilfer,  
    And the monster woke confounded.  
Ah ! Tom Thumb ! Tom Thumb, the valiant !  
    Age to age repeats thy story ;  
Cased in seven-leagued boots, thy spirit  
    Treads the widening road of glory.



## THE DEVOTEE.

'Mid thy rock-bound shores, Galicia,  
Lies a consecrated place,  
Where the blessed Virgin Mother  
Lavishes her stores of grace.  
There, for every way-worn wanderer,  
Gleams a friendly guiding star ;  
There a peaceful port is open  
To the seaman, wrecked afar.

There, when tolls the bell at evening,  
Vales and mountains echo round :  
From the cities, from the cloisters,  
All the bells send back the sound.  
Then each angry, bursting billow  
Sinks and dies along the shore,  
And the boatman whispers, "Avé !"  
Kneeling, with suspended oar.

On the day whose hallowed morning  
Sees the Virgin heavenward soar,  
There to meet, revealed in glory,  
Him, the suffering Son she bore, —  
Round her shrine, that festive morning,  
Wonders manifold appear ;  
They who gaze on that bright image  
Feel a holier presence near.

Banners of the cross, resplendent,  
Through the fields are on their way ;  
Ships and boats, with painted streamers  
Gayly fluttering, line the bay.  
Up the rocky pathway climbing,  
Rich-clad pilgrims wind along,  
Till the mountain seems a ladder  
Bearing up to heaven the throng.

In the rear, bedusted, barefoot,  
Coarse-clad devotees are there,  
Each with wan and wasted features,  
Wrinkled hands and withered hair.  
'Mongst the faithful in the temple  
These may never mingle more,  
Ne'er again behold the altar, —  
They must kneel without the door.

Who is he comes toiling yonder ?  
From his eye gleams wild despair ;  
In the breeze his white locks flutter,  
Thinned with sorrow, age, and care.  
From his wasted, trembling body  
Hangs a black and galling chain ;  
Round each limb an iron fetter  
Grinds the flesh with rending pain.

He, when hasty passion drove him  
Once a brother's blood to spill,  
Took the sword, and, while 'twas reeking,  
Forged the chain that binds him still.

Homeless, hopeless, now he wanders —  
Seeks for peace, but seeks in vain :  
Grace alone, a wonder working,  
Can unbind the galling chain.

He may tread on soles of iron,  
And, with naked, bony feet,  
Wander day and night, but never  
Find that peace, to man so sweet !  
Not a saint looks down in pity,  
When he shrieks his nightly prayer ;  
Not a shrine of heavenly mercy  
Answers to his wild despair.

Up the rocky pathway climbing,  
Near the door behold him now,  
While the evening bell is tolling,  
And the crowds in silence bow.  
How he yearns the halls to enter,  
Where the Virgin's image gleams,  
As the western sun, descending,  
Through each rich-stained window beams !

What a blaze of tranquil glory  
Rests on meadow, sky, and shore !  
Say, when heaven received the Virgin,  
Closed she not the golden door ?  
Where yon rosy clouds are floating  
Trace we still her path on high ?  
In the deep and tranquil azure  
Mark we still her beaming eye ?

Homeward throng the enraptured pilgrims ;  
One still lingers at the place,  
Prostrate on the threshold lying,  
With a pale and ashen face.  
Rusty chains still fast around him,  
There his quivering body lies ;  
But his soul, now free forever,  
Floats in glory through the skies !

THE BRIDGE OF BIDASSOA.<sup>1</sup>

On the bridge of Bidassoa  
Calm a saintly image stands,  
Blessing here the Spanish mountains,  
Blessing there the Gallic lands.  
Well may heaven's free fount of mercy  
On that spot mild solace pour,  
Where from home so many a soldier  
Parted, to return no more.

Round the bridge of Bidassoa  
Evermore strange magic plays :  
There, where one sees gloom, another  
Sees a golden sunlight blaze ;  
There, where one sees roses smiling,  
To the other all is sand ;  
For who dreads not gloomy exile,  
Who hails not his native land ?

Peacefully the Bidassoa  
Murmurs to the herdsman's bell ;  
All day long, among the mountains,  
Peal on peal fierce conflict tell ;

<sup>1</sup> See Note A.

And at evening, pale and bleeding,  
Wildly to the river's side  
Comes a troop with tattered banner,  
Deep in gore their pathway dyed.

At the bridge of Bidassoa  
On their rifles now they rest ;  
Count how many a comrade lingers,  
While the bleeding wounds are dressed.  
Long they halt and wait the missing,  
Long they gaze with yearning eyes,  
'Till the rolling drum calls, " Order ! "  
And a veteran captain cries —

" Roll up, then, the tattered banner,  
Long the ensign of the brave ;  
Often have your ranks, retreating,  
Hurried o'er this self-same wave ;  
Many a time, thus thinned and shattered,  
Refuge you have sought afar ;  
Still your ancient glory lingers,  
Still there gleams a friendly star.

" Thou, who once, our rights defending,  
Wound on wound so nobly bore,  
Spirit of the sainted Mina,  
Be our champion yet once more !  
There he stands, all bloodless, comrades !  
Still beams high the star of Spain !  
Cross we, then, this once, the river,  
Soon to come in strength again ! "

Marble-pale, old Mina rises  
    Slowly from the silent stone,  
Gazes once upon the mountains,  
    Gleaming in the western sun ;  
From his breast his hand removing,  
    Former wounds he opens wide,  
And the bridge of Bidassoa  
    Purples in the gushing tide.

## MINSTER TRADITION

ON the minster tower, so hoary,  
You'll see, both great and small,  
Names neatly carved for glory ;  
The patient stone bears all.

Once, up those airy mazes  
An eager poet pressed ;  
Out every way he gazes ;  
Then chisels, like the rest.

The bright sparks, how they crackle  
At every stroke he gives ;  
The trembling tower doth rattle  
From cellar-stone to eaves.

Old Erwin's dust, it quivers  
Down in his vault ; the bell  
Deep, solemn tones delivers ;  
The stone leaves rustle well.

The huge pile gapes asunder  
As 'twould bring forth to-day  
From its old womb — O wonder ! —  
What part unfinished lay.



That name was writ not vainly,  
Though but to few 'twas known;  
For still it stands there plainly —  
A name the world will own.

Who, since that day, hath wondered  
The tower for *him* thus groaned,  
Whom, years these half a hundred,  
Art's echoing world hath owned ? <sup>1</sup>

J. S. D.

<sup>1</sup> See Note B.

## THE LUCK OF EDENHALL.

OF Edenhall the youthful lord  
Bids sound the festal trumpet's call ;  
He rises at the banquet board,  
And cries 'mid the drunken revellers all,  
" Now bring me the Luck of Edenhall ! "

The butler hears the words with pain,  
The house's oldest seneschal,  
Takes slow from its silken cloth again  
The drinking-glass of crystal tall ;  
They call it *The Luck of Edenhall*.

Then said the lord, " This glass to praise,  
Fill with red wine from Portugal ! "  
The gray-beard with trembling hand obeys ;  
A purple light shines over all ;  
It beams from the Luck of Edenhall.

Then speaks the lord, and waves it light —  
" This glass of flashing crystal tall  
Gave to my sires the Fountain-Sprite ;  
She wrote in it, *If this glass doth fall,*  
*Farewell then, O Luck of Edenhall !*

" 'Twas right a goblet the fate should be  
Of the joyous race of Edenhall !  
We drink deep draughts right willingly ;

And willingly ring with merry call,  
Kling ! klang ! to the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

First rings it deep, and full, and mild,  
Like to the song of a nightingale ;  
Then like the roar of a torrent wild ;  
Then mutters, at last, like the thunder's fall,  
The glorious Luck of Edenhall.

“ For its keeper, takes a race of might  
The fragile goblet of crystal tall ;  
It has lasted longer than is right ;  
Kling ! klang ! — with a harder blow than all  
Will I try the Luck of Edenhall ! ”

As the goblet, ringing, flies apart,  
Suddenly cracks the vaulted hall ;  
And through the rift the flames upstart ;  
The guests in dust are scattered all  
With the breaking Luck of Edenhall !

In storms the foe, with fire and sword !  
He in the night had scaled the wall ;  
Slain by the sword lies the youthful lord,  
But holds in his hand the crystal tall,  
The shattered Luck of Edenhall.

On the morrow the butler gropes alone,  
The gray-beard in the desert hall ;  
He seeks his lord's burnt skeleton ;  
He seeks in the dismal ruin's fall  
The shards of the Luck of Edenhall.

“The stone wall,” saith he, “doth fall aside;  
Down must the stately columns fall:  
Glass is this earth’s Luck and Pride;  
In atoms shall fall this earthly ball,  
One day, like the Luck of Edenhall!”

H. W. L.

## THE LOST CHURCH.

FAR in the deep and lonely wood, —  
So deep, and still, and lonely all,  
Nought breaks the silent solitude,  
Save chirp of bird or light leaf's fall, —  
At times, when all is hushed, the ear  
Catches a low and solemn knell,  
Borne on the breezes, sweet and clear,  
As from some near, unearthly bell.

No living memory knows the time,  
In vain tradition seeks to tell,  
When first was heard that deep, low chime  
Down in the silent, lonely dell.  
There the Lost Church, 'tis said, once stood,  
And through these shades a pathway wound,  
And pilgrims sought the lonely wood ; —  
But now no footpath can be found.

As late I sought that lonely wood,  
And mused where holy feet had trod,  
And there, in the still solitude,  
Breathed out my yearning soul to God, —  
When all was wrapped in deep repose,  
I caught that solemn peal again ;  
The higher my devotion rose,  
The nearer, clearer swelled the strain.

My soul so wakeful grew and free,  
Each sense so chained by that sweet sound,  
What mighty power thus wrought in me,  
Is still a mystery profound.

It seemed as many a hundred year  
On wing of dream had fled away, —  
When, lo ! above the clouds, more clear  
Than noontide light, broke heavenly day.

The sun poured down a sparkling flood,  
The dark, blue heavens beamed full and bright,  
And there a stately minster stood,  
Glittering on high in golden light.  
Methought gay clouds the pile upbore,  
Like floating wings spread out on high ;  
I saw the spire still heavenward soar,  
And vanish in the boundless sky.

I heard the bell, with solemn swing,  
Thrill out through all the trembling tower ;  
No hand of mortal drew the string ;  
The tongue was swayed by heavenly power.  
Wild rapture welmed me like a flood,  
A tempest wafted me on high,  
Till in that lofty dome I stood,  
With trembling joy, in upper sky.

The wonders of each boundless hall  
In vain would mortal tongue portray ;  
Dark gleamed from window and from wall,  
With mystic light, in long array,

Forms of the martyrs, sainted men,  
    Who shed their blood in sacred strife ;  
And holy women, a bright train,  
    Rose to my eye in heavenly life.

Low at the altar's base I kneeled,  
    Burning with love and mute with awe ;  
High o'er me, in bright hues revealed,  
    Heaven's glory on the roof I saw.  
But, when I raised my eyes once more,  
    Arches, and dome, and roof, had sprung ;  
The veil was rent — the golden door  
    Of heaven itself wide open flung.

What peerless visions met my eye, —  
    Still rapt in ecstasy profound, —  
What blessed music floated by,  
    Holier than trump, than organ's sound, —  
In vain my feeble tongue would tell :  
    Let him whose bosom yearns to know,  
Go listen, in the lonely dell,  
    To that sweet pealing, wild and low !





KÖRNER.



# KÖRNER.<sup>1</sup>

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## INTRODUCTION TO THE "LYRE AND SWORD."

ALL ye who still, with friendly hearts and true,  
Remember him that boldly struck the lyre, —  
Who, often as my thoughts your forms renew,  
With sweet and sacred peace my soul inspire, —  
Yours is this lay! — O that it might to you  
Bring calm and cheering thoughts! With storm  
and fire  
Full oft have my wild passions vexed your breast;  
Yet, thanks; your love and truth unshaken rest.

Still think of me! — Our country's flags, on high,  
In German Freedom's harbor proudly wave:  
The household words of our forefathers cry,  
"Ye minstrels, on! your German speech to save!"  
The swelling bosom beats impatiently  
To hear the sweeping storms of battle rave;  
The lyre is hushed, the naked blades are ringing.  
Come forth, my sword! time thou thy song wert  
singing.

<sup>1</sup> See Note C,

'True souls ! we part :— loud sounds the battle-cry !  
This leaf brings back to you a friend's farewell.  
Oft at the sight may your fond bosoms swell,  
Oft may his image steal o'er memory's eye ; —  
And if, perchance, some future hour should tell,  
How, marching home from victory, I fell,  
Think of my bliss, and let each tear be dry ;  
For what the *Lyre* had sung with prophet's tone,  
Then will the daring *Sword* have made its own !

## THE FIVE OAKS BEFORE DALLWITZ.

Noisy day is done; its bright hues fade;  
    Redder glows the sun's declining ray:  
Here, beneath your spreading twilight-shade,  
    Prompts my swelling heart the pensive lay.  
True old chroniclers of ages gray,  
Ye are still in life's fresh green arrayed,  
    And the mighty forms of years gone by  
    Still are with us in your majesty.

Many a noble form has death laid low;  
    Many a flower too early snatched away;  
Through your softly-glimmering twigs e'en now  
    Steals the farewell smile of dying day.  
Yet, unheeding Time's remorseless flow,  
    Ye have bid defiance to decay;  
In your twigs I hear a voice that saith,  
Whispering, "What is great shall live through death!"

And ye have lived on! — Ye tower on high,  
    Bold and fresh, in vigorous green arrayed.  
Haply not a pilgrim, journeying by,  
    But shall rest him in your soothing shade.  
What though pale-faced Autumn, with a sigh,  
    Marks your leafy children fall and fade?  
E'en in death they keep a precious trust;  
Your spring glories bloom from out their dust.

Fair image of old German loyalty,  
As in better days it has been known,  
When, with glad devotion fired, the free,  
Dying, laid their country's corner-stone, —  
Why should I renew the pang? Ah me!  
'Tis a pang each bosom feels its own!  
Mightiest of the mighty, German land,  
Thou art in the dust — thy old oaks stand!

RAUCH'S BUST OF QUEEN LOUISA.<sup>1</sup>

How soft thy sleep! — The tranquil features seem  
 To breathe again thy life's fair dreams e'en now;  
 'Tis Slumber droops his wings around thy brow,  
 And sacred Peace hath veiled the eye's pure beam.  
 So slumber on, till, O my country! thou,  
 While beacon-smoke from every hill doth stream,  
 And the long-rusted swords, impatient, gleam,  
 Shalt raise to heaven the patriot's holy vow.  
 Down, down through night and death, God's way may lie;  
 Yet this must be our hope — our battle-cry:  
 Our children's children shall as freemen die!  
 When Freedom's morning, bloody-red, shall break,  
 Then, for thy bleeding, praying country's sake,  
 Then, German wife, our guardian angel, wake!

<sup>1</sup> See Note D.

## MY NATIVE LAND.

WHERE is the minstrel's native land ? —  
Where sparks of noble soul flashed high,  
Where garlands bloomed in honor's eye,  
Where manly bosoms glowed with joy,  
Touched by Religion's altar-brand,  
There *was* my native land !

Name me the minstrel's native land. —  
Though now her sons lie slain in heaps,  
Though, wounded and disgraced, she weeps,  
Beneath her soil the freeman sleeps.  
The land of oaks — the German land —  
They *called* my native land !

Why weeps the minstrel's native land ? —  
To see her people's princes cower  
Before the wrathful tyrant's power :  
She weeps, that, in the stormy hour,  
No soul at her high call will stand.  
That grieves my native land !

Whom calls the minstrel's native land ? —  
She calls the voiceless gods ; her cries,  
Like thunder-storms, assail the skies ;  
She bids her sons, her freemen, rise ;  
On righteous Heaven's avenging hand  
She calls — my native land !



What will the minstrel's native land ? —

She'll crush the slaves of despots' power,  
Drive off the bloodhounds from her shore,  
And suckle freeborn sons once more,

Or lay them free beneath the sand.

That will my native land !

And hopes the minstrel's native land ? —

She hopes — she hopes ! Her cause is just.  
Her faithful sons will wake — they must.

In God Most High she puts her trust ;

On his great altar leans her hand,

And hopes — my native land !

## SUMMONS.

My people, wake ! The signal-fires are smoking ;  
Bright breaks the light of Freedom from the north ;  
'Tis time thy steel 'in foemen's hearts were reeking.  
My people, wake ! The signal-fires are smoking ;  
The fields are white ; ye reapers, hasten forth !  
The last, the highest hope lies in the sword ;  
Home to thy bleeding breast their lances strain ;  
Make way for Freedom !<sup>1</sup> Let thy blood be poured,  
To cleanse thy German land from every stain.

Ours is no war of which crowned heads are dreaming ;  
'Tis a crusade, a holy war we wage !  
Faith, virtue, conscience, truth, and honor mourn ;  
These has the tyrant from thy bosom torn ;  
Thy Freedom's victory saves them from his rage.  
The moanings of thy aged cry, " Awake ! "  
Thy homes in ashes curse the invading brood,  
Thy daughters in disgrace for vengeance shriek,  
The ghosts of slaughtered sons shriek wild for blood.

Break up the ploughshare, let the chisel fall,  
The lyre be hushed, the shuttle cease its play ;  
Forsake thy courts, leave giddy pleasure's hall : —  
He in whose sight thy banners flutter, all,  
Will see his people now in war's array.

<sup>1</sup> See Note E.

For thou shalt build a mighty altar soon  
In his eternal Freedom's morning sky ;  
With thy good sword shall every stone be hewn ;  
On heroes' graves the temple's base shall lie.

Ye maidens and ye wives, for whom the Lord  
Of Hosts the dreadful sword hath never steeled,  
When mid your spoilers' ranks we gladly leap,  
And bare our bosoms to the strife, why weep  
That you may not stand forth on glory's field ? —  
Before God's altar joyfully repair ;  
The pangs of anxious love your wounds must be ;  
To you He gives, in every heartfelt prayer,  
The spirit's pure and bloodless victory.

Then pray that God would wake the slumbering fire,  
And rouse his old, heroic race to life ;  
And, O, as stern, avenging spirits, call  
The buried German martyrs, one and all,  
As holy angels of the holy strife !  
Spirit of Ferdinand, lead thou the van !  
Louisa, faithful to thy spouse, be nigh !  
And all ye shades of German heroes, on,  
With us, with us, where'er our banners fly !

The might of Heaven is with us ; Hell must cower :  
On, valiant people ! on ! 'Tis Freedom's cry !  
Thy heart beats high, high up thy old oaks tower ;  
Heed not thy hills of slain in victory's hour ;  
Plant Freedom's banner there to float on high.

And now, my people, when thou standest free,  
Robed in the brightness of thy old renown,  
Let not the faithful dead forgotten be,  
And place upon our urn the oaken crown !

## SONG OF THE BLACK HUNTERS.

To field, to field ! the avenging spirits mutter :  
    On, Germans, to the fight !  
To field, to field ! Our banners proudly flutter ;  
    To victory they invite.

Our band is small, but great is our reliance  
    On God's avenging arm ;  
Backed by his angel-host, we bid defiance  
    To each infernal charm.

No quarter give ! If the cramped sword should falter,  
    'Then grapple fearlessly !  
Sell high the last life-drop ! On Freedom's altar  
    It falls. The dead are free !

Still sad and stern, as o'er dead valor leaning,  
    We go in black-dressed ranks ;  
Yet, should they bid you tell this red stripe's <sup>1</sup> meaning,  
    — That means the blood of Franks !

God speed ! — And when, o'er foemen's corpses beaming,  
    The star of peace shall rise,  
A snow-white banner, o'er the free Rhine streaming,  
    Shall greet your anxious eyes.

<sup>1</sup> See Note F.

## COVENANT-SONG BEFORE BATTLE,

ON THE MORNING OF THE FIGHT NEAR DANNEBERG.

AWFUL omens, dark and ruddy,  
Usher in this morn of wrath,  
And the sun looks cold and bloody  
Out upon our bloody path.  
Startling news a world will waken  
Ere a few more hours are past,  
And e'en now the lots are shaken,  
And the iron die is cast.

Brothers, the night-shades are flying! — take warning.  
Now, by the fresh, holy light of the morning,  
Swear, hand in hand, to be true to the last.

In the gloom of nights behind us  
Insult, ignominy frown —  
Foreign slaves, with chains to bind us,  
And our German oak bowed down.  
Shamed has been the speech our mothers  
Taught us, and our Gods blasphemed;  
We have pawned our honor; — Brothers,  
German Brothers, be it redeemed!  
Brothers, the hour is come! Side by side stand now!  
Turn Heaven's wrath from your loved native land now!  
Let the Palladium — the lost — be redeemed!

In the smile of hope before us  
Lies a golden future time ;  
Open, sunny skies bend o'er us ;  
There, in Freedom's blissful clime,  
German Art and Music greet us,  
Woman's grace and love's delight,  
All old forms of greatness meet us,  
Beauty's charms again invite.  
But bloody-red must that morning be breaking :  
Brothers, our life's last, warm drop we are staking :  
*Our* hope blooms only in martyrdom's night !

Yet, God help, we will not falter ;  
As one man we'll meet the foe,  
Lay our heart on Freedom's altar,  
And to death, unshrinking, go.  
Fatherland, for thee we dare it ;  
At thy word we do and die,  
That our loved ones may inherit  
This day's blood-bought liberty.  
Free German oaks, let your branches be sweeping,  
Long, o'er the graves where our ashes are sleeping ! —  
Fatherland, hear our oath ! bear it on high !

One last look, ere yet we sever  
Ties that long have bound us fast ;  
Be the poisonous south forever,  
With its charms, behind us cast.  
Yet stay not the tear that's springing,  
Comrades, in each manly eye :  
To the winds a last kiss flinging,  
Give them up to God on high,

To all the warm lips that for us shall be pleading,  
To all the fond hearts that shall lie crushed and bleeding,  
God of all might and all mercy, be nigh!

Forth! To battle now, unshrinking!  
Upward, heavenward, hearts and eyes!  
Every earthly sun is sinking,  
And the unfading splendors rise.  
German Brothers, quail not — never!  
Let each nerve a hero tell!  
Faithful hearts part not forever;  
For a little space, farewell!

Hark! They advance! How the deep thunder crashes!  
Brothers, charge home through the hailstones and  
flashes!

We meet again in heaven! Farewell!



## PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

FATHER, I call on thee.

The roaring artillery's clouds thicken round me,  
The hiss and the glare of the loud bolts confound me ;  
Ruler of battles, I call on thee.  
O Father, lead thou me.

O Father, lead thou me ;  
To victory, to death, dread Commander, O guide me ;  
The dark valley brightens when thou art beside me ;  
Lord, as thou wilt, so lead thou me.  
God, I acknowledge thee.

God, I acknowledge thee ;  
When the breeze through the dry leaves of autumn is  
moaning,  
When the thunder-storm of battle is groaning,  
Fount of mercy, in each I acknowledge thee.  
O Father, bless thou me.

O Father, bless thou me ;  
I trust in thy mercy, whate'er may befall me :  
'Tis thy word that hath sent me ; that word can recall me.  
Living or dying, O bless thou me.  
Father, I honor thee.

Father, I honor thee ;  
Not for earth's hoards or honors we here are contending ;  
All that is holy our swords are defending :  
Then falling, and conquering, I honor thee.  
God, I repose in thee.

God, I repose in thee ;  
When the thunders of death my soul are greeting,  
When the gashed veins bleed, and the life is fleeting,  
In thee, my God, I repose in thee.  
Father, I call on thee.

## DISCONTENT. 1

'Twas thy call, my native land,  
    Broke the minstrel's golden dream.  
Kindled by thy high command,  
In the field he burned to stand,  
    Where the tyrant's lances gleam.  
Love and friendship, song and gladness,  
    Bitterly he must resign,  
Taste the parting cup of sadness, —  
    And be thine.

Yet how oft fond memory's eye,  
    Weeping, through the past would rove!  
On the bridge of melody  
Back his dreaming heart would fly  
    To the golden land of love.  
Vain, alas! the dear delusion;  
    For the hours, with whirlwind's blast,  
To the midst of life's confusion  
    Bore him fast.

Still he lingers — O, how long? —  
    Till the blood-red morn shall shine.  
Give me back the peaceful song,  
Or the war-note, stern and strong;  
    Death or music must be mine.

<sup>1</sup> See Note G.

Let the poet's eyes be streaming  
Through the inspired, love-crowned night,  
Or with joy ecstatic gleaming  
For the fight.

Hark! the distant cannon's thundering! —  
Cymbals mingle in the roar;  
Germany her wreaths is squandering;  
And shall I be idly wandering  
Here, along the lonesome shore?  
Must I thus in prose expire?  
O thou awful Poesy,  
Flash thy lightnings forth! live fount of fire!  
Set me free!

## FAREWELL TO LIFE.

THE wound is hot ; my quivering lips grow dry ;  
I feel the limit of my days is nigh ;  
My heart's faint throbbings tell me it must be.  
God, as thou wilt ; I gave myself to thee.

What golden forms I saw around me throng !  
Their lovely music is my funeral song.  
Then, courage ! what my heart holds true and dear  
Shall live with me through heaven's unfading year.

That holy thing, my early, constant aim, —  
Be Liberty or Love its sacred name, —  
That woke my youthful bosom's brightest flame,  
Stands by me as a seraph robed in light ;  
And, as my senses slowly sink in night,  
Borne by a breath, I soar to the morn-reddened height.

## LÜTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

WHAT gleams from yon wood in the sunbeams' play ?

Hark ! hark ! It sounds nearer and nearer ;  
It winds down the mountain in gloomy array,  
And the blast of its trumpets is bringing dismay  
To the soul of the manliest hearer.

Go, read it in each dark comrade's face —

“That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.”

What glances so swiftly through forest, o'er fell,

From mountain to mountain flying ?  
In ambush like midnight it lies in the dell ;  
The hurrah rings, and the rifle's knell

Proclaims the French beadles are dying.

Go, read it in each dark hunter's face —

“That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.”

Where the rich grapes glow and the Rhine waves roar,

The tyrant thought safely to hide him ;  
With the swiftness of lightning it flies to the shore,  
Leaps in, and with sinewy arm swims o'er,  
And springs to the bank beside him.

Go, read it in each dark swimmer's face —

“That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.”

Why roars in yon valley the din of fight,

And broadswords tumultuously clashing ?

Stern horsemen are battling with dreadful delight,  
And the live spark of liberty, wakeful and bright,  
In bloody-red flames is fast flashing.  
Go, read it in each dark horseman's face —  
“That is Lützow's wild and desperate chase.”

Lo, smiling farewell 'mid the foe's dying wail,  
Who lies there with bare bosom streaming?  
Death lays his cold hand on that young brow, pale;  
But never shall one of those true hearts quail,  
For the star of their country is beaming.  
Go, read it in each pale, marble face —  
“That *was* Lützow's wild and desperate chase!”

The wild, wild chase, and the German chase  
'Gainst hangmen and tyrants, is ended.  
Come, then, ye who love us, wipe tears from each face,  
For the country is free, and the morn dawns apace,  
Though our forms in the grave be extended.  
Children's children shall cry, as our story they trace —  
“That *was* Lützow's wild and desperate chase!”

## MEN AND BOYS.

THE storm is out ; the land is roused ;  
Where is the coward who sits well-housed ?  
Fie on thee, boy, disguised in curls,  
Behind the stove, 'mong gluttons and girls.  
A graceless, worthless wight thou must be ;  
No German maid desires thee,  
No German song inspires thee,  
No German Rhine-wine fires thee.  
Forth in the van,  
Man by man,  
Swing the battle-sword who can.

When we stand watching, the livelong night,  
Through piping storms, till morning light,  
Thou to thy downy bed canst creep,  
And there in dreams of rapture sleep.

*Chorus.*

When, hoarse and shrill, the trumpet's blast,  
Like the thunder of God, makes our hearts beat fast,  
Thou in the theatre lov'st to appear,  
Where trills and quavers tickle the ear.

*Chorus.*

When the glare of noonday scorches the brain,  
When our parched lips seek water in vain,



Thou canst make the champagne corks fly,  
At the groaning tables of luxury.

*Chorus.*

When we, as we rush to the strangling fight,  
Send home to our true loves a long "Good night,"  
Thou canst hie thee where love is sold,  
And buy thy pleasure with paltry gold.

*Chorus.*

When lance and bullet come whistling by,  
And death in a thousand shapes draws nigh,  
Thou canst sit at thy cards, and kill  
King, queen, and knave, with thy spadille.

*Chorus.*

If on the red field our bell should toll,  
Then welcome be death to the patriot's soul.  
Thy pampered flesh shall quake at its doom,  
And crawl in silk to a hopeless tomb.

A pitiful exit thine shall be ;  
No German maid shall weep for thee,  
No German song shall they sing for thee,  
No German goblets shall ring for thee.

Forth in the van,

Man for man,

Swing the battle-sword who can.

## SWORD SONG.

SWORD, on my left side gleaming,  
What means thy bright eye's beaming?  
It makes my spirit dance  
To see thy friendly glance.  
Hurrah! <sup>1</sup>

"A valiant rider bears me;  
A freeborn German wears me:  
That makes my eye so bright;  
That is the sword's delight."  
Hurrah!

Yes, good sword, I *am* free,  
And love thee heartily,  
And clasp thee to my side  
E'en as a plighted bride.  
Hurrah!

"And I to thee, by Heaven,  
My light steel life have given:  
When shall the knot be tied?  
When wilt thou take thy bride?"  
Hurrah!

<sup>1</sup> At the "Hurrah!" there is a clattering of swords.

The trumpet's solemn warning  
Shall hail the bridal morning.  
When cannon-thunders wake,  
Then my true love I take.  
Hurrah !

" O blessed, blessed meeting !  
My heart is wildly beating :  
Come, bridegroom, come for me ;  
My garland waiteth thee."  
Hurrah !

Why in the scabbard rattle,  
So wild, so fierce for battle ?  
What means this restless glow ?  
My sword, why clatter so ?  
Hurrah !

" Well may thy prisoner rattle ;  
My spirit yearns for battle :  
Rider, 'tis war's wild glow  
That makes me tremble so."  
Hurrah !

Stay in thy chamber near,  
My love : what wilt thou here ?  
Still in thy chamber bide :  
Soon, soon I take my bride.  
Hurrah !

" Let me not longer wait :  
Love's garden blooms in state,

With roses bloody-red,  
And many a bright death-bed."  
Hurrah !

Now, then, come forth, my bride !  
Come forth, thou rider's pride !  
Come out, my good sword, come !  
Forth to thy father's home !  
Hurrah !

" O, in the field to prance  
The glorious wedding dance !  
How, in the sun's bright beams,  
Bride-like the clear steel gleams !"  
Hurrah !

Then forward, valiant fighters !  
And forward, German riders !  
And, when the heart grows cold,  
Let each his love enfold.  
Hurrah !

Once on the left it hung,  
And stolen glances flung ;  
Now clearly on your right  
Doth God each fond bride plight.  
Hurrah !

Then let your hot lips feel  
That virgin cheek of steel ;  
One kiss — and woe betide  
Him who forsakes the bride.  
Hurrah !

Now let the loved one sing ;  
Now let the clear blade ring,  
Till the bright sparks shall fly,  
Heralds of victory !  
Hurrah !

For, hark ! the trumpet's warning  
Proclaims the marriage morning ;  
It dawns in festal pride ;  
Hurrah, thou Iron Bride !  
Hurrah !

## CRADLE SONG.

ON thy mother's bosom gently rest thee,  
Sweetest babe ; from sin and sorrow free,  
Calmly dream ; nor care nor grief molest thee ;  
That soft breast is all the world to thee.

Joyous hours ! ah, still fond memory, dreaming,  
Through your blissful scenes delights to rove ;  
O'er life's ocean-waste, still dimly beaming,  
Shines the star-light of a mother's love.

Thrice, in this brief life, to man 'tis given  
In Love's arms so sweetly to repose ;  
Thrice on earth to taste the joy of heaven, —  
Bliss that from no earthly fountain flows.

With her earliest blessing when she greets him,  
See in smiles the blooming infant dressed !  
Though the world with smiles of welcome meets him,  
Love still holds him to the mother's breast.

Soon are dimmed gay childhood's sunny glances,  
Clouds are gathering round youth's untried way ;  
Now, once more fond Love with smiles advances,  
And the wanderer hails her cheering ray.

Yet the storm-wind smites the fairest flower,  
And the proudest heart in dust must lie.  
Love, an angel, cheers man's closing hour,  
And in triumph bears him up on high.

## THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

SHELTERED well by friendly mountains,  
Washed by clear and cooling fountains,  
In a nook so still and green,  
Lovelier hamlet ne'er was seen.

Overhead, on ridges high,  
Old, dark pine-trees hide the sky ;  
Down below, the stream flows near,  
And the air is mild and clear.

House and yard swarm all day long  
With a busy, bustling throng.  
Ever as the day comes round,  
Rings the anvil's restless sound.

And the bright sparks dart and quiver,  
And the steely splinters shiver,  
And the flood, with thunder-sound,  
Flings the ponderous mill-wheel round.

Earthly cares shall not molest,  
In this vale, my peaceful breast ;  
Joy within my heart shall dwell,  
As a pure, untroubled well.



Shaded by the whispering trees,  
Will I woo the dreamy breeze ;  
Mountain, vale, and murmuring rill,  
With deep peace my heart shall fill.

## GOOD NIGHT.

Good night !

To each weary, toil-worn wight,  
Now the day so sweetly closes,  
Every aching brow reposes  
Peacefully till morning light.  
Good night !

Home to rest !

Close the eye and calm the breast ;  
Stillness through the streets is stealing,  
And the watchman's horn is pealing,  
And the night calls softly, " Haste !  
Home to rest ! "

Sweetly sleep !

Eden's breezes round ye sweep :  
O'er the peace-forsaken lover  
Let the darling image hover,  
As he lies in transport deep.  
Sweetly sleep !

So, good night !

Slumber on till morning light ;  
Slumber, till another morrow  
Brings its stores of joy and sorrow ;  
Fearless, in the Father's sight,  
Slumber on. Good night.

## TO THE MEMORY OF THEODORE KÖRNER.

## I.

PROUDLY, e'en now, the young oak waved on high,  
Hung round with youthful green full gorgeously;  
And calmly graceful, and yet bold and free,  
Reared its majestic head in upper sky.

Hope said, "How great, in coming days, shall be  
That tree's renown!" Already, far or nigh,  
No monarch of the forest towered so high.

The trembling leaves murmured melodiously  
As love's soft whisper; and its branches rung  
As if the master of the tuneful string,  
Mighty Apollo, there his lyre had hung.

But, ah! it sank. A storm had bowed its pride! —  
Alas! untimely snatched in life's green spring,  
My noble youth, the bard and hero, died!

## II.

Where sleeps my youth upon his country's breast?

Show me the place where ye have laid him down.

'Mid his own music's echoes let him rest,

And in the brightness of his fair renown.

Large was his heart; his free soul heavenward pressed;

Alternate songs and deeds his brow did crown.

Where sleeps my youth upon his country's breast?

Show me the place where ye have laid him down.

“ The youth lies slumbering where the battle-ground  
Drank in the blood of noble hearts like rain ; ”  
There, youthful hero, in thine ear shall sound  
A grateful echo of thy harp’s last strain :  
“ O Father, bless thou me ! ” <sup>1</sup> shall ring again ;  
That blessing thou in calmer world hast found.

## III.

Ye who so keenly mourn the loved one’s death,  
Go with me to the mound that marks his grave,  
And breathe awhile the consecrated breath  
Of the old oak whose boughs high o’er him wave.  
Sad Friendship there hath laid the young and brave ;  
Her hand shall guide us thither. Hark ! she saith,  
“ Beneath the hallowed oak’s cool, peaceful breath  
These hands had dug the hero’s silent grave ;  
Yet were the dear remains forbid to rest  
Where lip to lip in bloody strife was pressed,  
And ghastly death stares from the mouldering heap ;  
A statelier tomb that sacred dust must keep ;  
A German prince hath spoken : this new guest,  
And noblest, in a princely hall shall sleep.”

## IV.

There rests the muses’ son — his conflicts o’er.  
Forget him not, my German country, thou.  
The wreath that twined around his youthful brow  
May deck his urn — but him, alas ! no more.  
Dost ask, thou herdsmaid, for those songs of yore ?  
Though fled his form, his soul is with us now.

<sup>1</sup> Quoted from Körner’s “ Prayer during Battle.”

And ye who mourn the hero gone before,  
Here on his grave renew the patriot vow;  
Through Freedom's holy struggle he hath made,  
Ye noble German sons, his heavenward way.  
Feel what he felt, while bending o'er his clay;  
Thus honor him, while in the green-arched shade  
Sweet choirs of nightingales, through grove and glade,  
Awake the memory of his kindling lay.

TIEDGE.

KÖRNER'S FUNERAL.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE TUNE OF PERGOLESI, "STABAT MATER DOLOROSA."

'MID the sound of trump and drum,  
Angels called, "Come, Körner, come!"  
And the hero's heart must break.  
Break, ye hearts, ye eyes, with sorrow;  
Faith's glad light a radiant morrow  
From this night of tears shall wake.

Germany, thy mourning mother,  
Feels each wound of thine, O brother;  
Bleeds with thee, and triumphs now.  
Throned a king, our souls behold thee;  
Bloody-purple robes enfold thee,  
Crowned with holy thorns thy brow.

Tuneless now the strings are lying;  
Yet on every tongue, undying,  
In each bosom lives the lay.  
Life's dim lamp alone is shrouded,  
While the star of love, unclouded,  
Blazes to a flood of day.

<sup>1</sup> See Note H.

Jesus, God's pure love, inspire  
This our nation ; one desire,  
    Glowing, through all bosoms breathe ;  
And to us, when we have striven  
Like our brother, be there given  
    Crown of thorns and starry wreath.

CHARLES FOLLEN.





BURGER.



# BÜRGER.

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## LENORA.

FROM heavy dreams Lenora rose  
With morning's first, faint ray :  
" O William, art thou false — or dead ?  
How long wilt thou delay ? "  
He, with King Frederick's knightly train,  
Had hied to distant battle plain,  
And not a line had come to tell  
If yet he were alive and well.

And now were king and queen full fain  
The weary strife to cease,  
Subdued at length their mutual wrath,  
And joined their hands in peace ;  
Then rose the song, and clash, and clang,  
And kettle-drums and trumpets rang,  
As, decked with garlands green and gay,  
Each host pursued its homeward way.

And here and there, and every where,  
Along each road and route,  
To meet them came both young and old,  
With song and merry shout.

“Thank God!” both child and mother cried,  
And “Welcome!” many a happy bride.

But, ah, one heart shared not the bliss  
Of fond embrace and thrilling kiss.

From rank to rank Lenora flew ;

She called each knight by name,  
And asked for William ; but, alas !

No answering tidings came.

Then, when that host had all gone by,  
She beat her breast in agony,

And madly tore her raven hair,  
And prostrate fell in wild despair.

The mother hastened to her child :

“ Ah, God have mercy now !

My darling child, what aileth thee ? ”

And kissed her marble brow.

“ O mother, mother, all is o’er ;

No peace, no hope forever more ;

No pity dwells with God on high ;

Woe’s me, woe’s me ; O misery ! ”

“ Help, God of grace, look down and help !

Child, breathe a fervent prayer ;

What God has done must work for good ;

God hears, and God will spare.”

“ O mother, mother — idle thought !

No good for me God’s will hath wrought ;

Vain have been all my prayers — all vain ;

I dare not look to Heaven again ! ”

“ Help, God of grace ! No child shall seek  
The Father’s face in vain ;  
Come, and the blessed sacrament  
Shall surely soothe thy pain.”

“ O mother, mother, pangs like these  
No sacrament hath power to ease ;  
No sacrament can pierce death’s gloom,  
And wake the tenant of the tomb ! ”

“ Child, hear me ; say, the false one now,  
In far Hungarian land,  
Abjures his holy faith, and plights  
Some Paynim maid his hand ?  
Well, let it go, child, let it go ;  
’Twill profit him no more below ;  
And, O, when soul and body part,  
What flames shall burn his perjured heart ! ”

“ O mother, mother, lost is lost,  
And gone forever gone ;  
Death, death is now my only gain ;  
O, had I ne’er been born !  
Be quenched, forever quenched, my light !  
Die, die in horror’s gloomiest night !  
No pity dwells with God on high ;  
Woe’s me, woe’s me ; O misery ! ”

“ Help, God of grace ! O, enter not  
In judgment with thy child !  
Alas ! she knows not what she says ;  
Forgive whom woe makes wild.

Ah, child, forget thine earthly woes,  
And think on God and heaven's repose ;  
Then shall thy soul, life's sorrows passed,  
The bridegroom meet in bliss at last."

" O mother, mother, what is bliss ?  
O mother, what is hell ?  
With him, with him alone, is bliss ;  
Without my William, hell.  
Be quenched, forever quenched, my light !  
Die, die in horror's gloomiest night !  
While he is not, no peace below ;  
Without him, heaven is endless woe ! "

Thus raged the madness of despair,  
And smote and scorched her brain.  
She ceased not still God's providence  
And justice to arraign ;  
She wrung her hands and beat her breast,  
Until the sun had gone to rest,  
Till all the stars came out on high,  
And twinkled in the vaulted sky.

When, hark ! a distant trap, trap, trap,  
Like horse's hoofs, did sound ;  
And soon an iron-mailed knight  
Sprang clattering to the ground.  
And hark ! and hark ! a gentle ring  
Came swiftly, softly, — kling, ling, ling ;  
Then through the door, in accents clear,  
These words did greet Lenora's ear : —

“Holla! holla! love, ope to me;  
Dost wake, my child, or sleep?  
And what are now thy thoughts of me?  
And dost thou smile, or weep?”  
“Ah, William, thou? . . . so late at night? . . .  
I’ve wept and watched through gloom and light;  
And, ah, what depths of woe I’ve known!  
Whence com’st thou now thus late and lone?”

“At midnight hour alone we ride:  
From Hungary I come.  
I saddled late, and now, my bride,  
Will bear thee to thy home.”  
“Ah, William, first come in, till morn;  
The wild wind whistles through the thorn.  
Come quickly in, my love; these arms  
Shall fold thee safe from midnight harms.”

“Let the wind whistle through the thorn;  
Child, what have I to fear?  
Loud snorts the steed; the spur rings shrill;  
I may not tarry here.  
Come, robe thyself, and mount with speed  
Behind me on my coal-black steed;  
And when a hundred miles are passed,  
We reach the bridal bed at last.”

“Ah, must I ride a hundred miles  
To bridal bed this day?  
And, hark! e’en now the booming clock —  
Eleven! — night wears away.”

‘ See here ! see here ! the moon shines bright ;  
We and the dead ride swift by night :  
Thou, an thou mount without delay,  
Shalt see thy marriage bed to-day ! ”

“ Where is thy chamber, say, my love ?  
And where thy marriage bed ? ”  
“ Far, far from here ! . . . still, small, and cool —  
Six planks, with foot and head.”  
“ Hast room for me ? ” . . . “ For thee and me ;  
Come, robe thee, mount, and soon thou’lt see ;  
The guests stand waiting for the bride ;  
The chamber door stands open wide.”

Up rose the maid, and donned her robes,  
And on the courser sprung,  
And round the darling rider’s form  
Her lily arms she flung.  
And hurry ho ! o’er hill and plain,  
Hop, hop, the gallop swept amain,  
Till steed and rider panting blew,  
And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles, flew.

And on the right and on the left  
How fast the landscape fled !  
How all the thundering bridges shook  
Beneath the courser’s tread !  
“ Dost quake, my love ? . . . The moon shines bright !  
Hurrah ! the dead ride swift by night !  
Dost fear the dead, my love, my own ? ”  
“ Ah no ! . . . yet leave the dead alone.”



What clang was that, and doleful song,  
And rush of raven's wing ? . . . .  
Hark ! hark ! the knell of funeral bell !  
The bending mourners sing,  
" Bear home the dead ! " and soon appear  
The shrouded corpse and sable bier ;  
Like croak of frogs in marshy plain,  
Swelled on the breeze that dismal strain.

" When midnight's passed, bear home the dead,  
With sad, sepulchral strain ;  
I'm bearing home my youthful bride ;  
Haste — join the bridal train !  
Come, sexton, bring thy choir along,  
And croak for me the bridal song ;  
Come, priest, and be thy blessing said,  
Or ere we seek the marriage bed ! "

Ceased clang and song . . . . swift fled the bier . . .  
Obedient to his call,  
Hard at the horse's heels that throng  
Came hurrying one and all ;  
And onward, on, o'er hill and plain,  
Hop, hop, the gallop swept amain,  
Till horse and rider panting blew,  
And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles, flew.

On either hand — right, left — how swift  
Trees, hedges, mountains fled !  
How vanished cities, towns, and farms,  
As onward still they sped !

“Dost quake, my love? . . . The moon shines bright!  
Hurrah! the dead ride swift by night!

Dost fear the dead, my love, my own?”

“Ah, leave the dead to rest, alone!”

See! see! beneath yon gallows-tree,  
Along the moonlit ground,  
Half brought to view, an airy crew  
Go dancing round and round.

“Ha, merry crew! come, haste along,  
And follow in the marriage throng!  
I take my bride ere morn, and ye  
Shall dance the wedding dance for me.”

And hurry, skurry, close behind  
That pack came brustling fast:  
So rattles through the hazel-bush  
November’s fitful blast.  
And onward still, o’er hill and plain,  
Hop, hop, the gallop dashed amain,  
Till horse and rider panting blew,  
And dust-clouds, sparks, and pebbles, flew.

How fast the land on either hand  
Beneath the moon swept by!  
How swiftly fled, high over head  
The stars along the sky!  
“Dost quake, my love? . . . The moon shines bright!  
Hurrah! the dead ride swift by night!  
Dost fear the dead, my love, my own?”  
“Ah, leave the dead to rest, alone!”

“Speed, speed, my steed! Methinks e’en now  
The early cock doth crow.  
Speed on! I scent the morning air;  
Speed, speed! the sand runs low!  
'Tis done — 'tis done — our journey's passed;  
The bridal bed appears at last.  
Hurrah! how swiftly ride the dead!  
It is, it is the bridal bed!” . . . .

And, lo! an iron-grated gate  
Full in their path-way frowned;  
He snapped his switch, and lock and bolt  
Sprang back with thunder-sound.  
The clanking gates, wide-opening, led  
O'er crowded dwellings of the dead,  
Where tomb-stones, thickly scattered round,  
Gleamed pale along the moonlit ground.

Ha, see! ha, see! whoo! whoo! what tongue  
Can such dread wonder tell!  
The rider's collar, piece by piece,  
Like shrivelled tinder fell;  
His head a sightless skull became,  
A ghastly skeleton his frame;  
In his right hand a scythe he swung,  
And in his left an hour-glass hung.

High pranced the steed, and snorted wild,  
And, snorting, flamed outright;  
And, whee! the solid ground beneath  
Fled from the maiden's sight.

Howls, howls were heard through upper air ;  
Below, deep moanings of despair :

Her quaking heart, 'twixt death and life,  
Seemed wrestling in an awful strife.

Now round and round, o'er moonlit ground,  
The ghastly spectre-train

Full well did dance their fetter-dance,

And howled this solemn strain, —

“ Forbear ! forbear ! Though heart be riven,  
Contend not with the God of heaven !

Thou hast laid down this earthly clod ;

Now may the soul find peace with God ! ”

## THE EMPEROR AND THE ABBOT.

I'LL tell you a story, — 'tis somewhat facetious : —  
There once was an emperor, and he was malicious ;  
There was also an abbot, right stately to see ;  
But, pity ! his shepherd was wiser than he.

Blow hot or blow chilly, the emperor was sour ;  
Slept often in armor through night-fog and shower ;  
Ate his crust without water — but that's not the worst ;  
He oftentimes suffered both hunger and thirst.

The little pope knew how to nurse himself better ;  
He ate well, he slept well, and daily grew fatter.  
His face — like the rising full moon was its glow ;  
His belly — three men could not span it, I know.

So the emperor hated the little pope badly.  
One day, when the dog-star was raging most madly,  
As the little pope walked through a grove that was nigh,  
In the midst of his troopers the emperor rode by.

“ Ho, ho ! ” thought the emperor ; “ good luck's in the  
meeting ! ”  
With a bitter-sweet smile, then, the little pope greeting,  
“ How fare, man of God ? But I see, by your case,  
That praying and fasting sit well on your grace.

“Methinks, at the same time, you’re plagued with much  
leisure;

If I give you some work, now, you’ll count it a pleasure.  
They say you’re the cunningest man that they know;  
They tell me, you almost can hear the grass grow.

“So now, then, that pastime you may not be lacking,  
Let your pair of tough jaws these three nice nuts be  
cracking.

Three questions I give: when three moons are gone by,  
In my audience-chamber I’ll hear your reply.

“And first: when on high, with the canopy o’er me,  
I sit on my throne, with my nobles before me,  
Then thou, like a faithful mint-warden shalt say,  
How much, to a penny, I’m worth at that day.

“You’ll find it mere child’s play to answer the second:  
How long (every hour and minute being reckoned,  
And not one single minute too much) will it take  
Round the world, upon horseback, my journey to make?

“And then, for the third, O thou prince of a prelate,  
I shall ask you my thought; to a hair thou shalt tell it.  
And then will I freely confess it to thee;  
But no tittle of truth in the thought must there be.

“And if the three answers you fail to discover,  
Your rule here, as abbot, that moment is over;  
On the back of an ass you shall ride through the land,  
Instead of a bridle, the tail in your hand.”

Then off rode the emperor, nigh bursting with laughter ;  
The little pope, muttering and cursing, looked after.  
And never poor culprit such agony felt,  
When before the high penal tribunal he knelt.

To colleges, one, two, three, four, he propounded  
His questions ; one, two, three, four faculties sounded ;  
Of fees, Heaven knows, he paid more than enough :  
But no doctor could answer three questions so tough.

And now his poor heart, with its fluttering and beating,  
Helped the hours grow to days, days to weeks — O,  
                    how fleeting !

Months dwindled to days ; as the last hurried by,  
The world looked now yellow, now green to his eye.

And now, a pale, hollow-cheeked Werther, he paces  
Through forest and field in the loneliest places ;  
And there, in a wooded and rocky retreat,  
Hans Bendix, his shepherd, he chances to meet.

“ My lord,” said Hans Bendix, “ what can so distress  
                    you ?

You’re passing away like a shadow, Lord bless you !  
Saint Mary and Joseph ! how hollow you grow !  
Sweet master, you’ve met some ill treatment, I know.”

“ Alas ! good Hans Bendix, you have it. Believe me,  
A sad piece of mischief the emperor will weave me.  
Between my two jaws three such nuts he has packed,  
As even Beëlzebub scarce could have cracked.

“And first : when on high, with his canopy o’er him,  
He sits on his throne, with his nobles before him,  
Then I, like a faithful mint-warden, must say,  
How much, to a farthing, he’s worth at that day.

“He calls it mere child’s play to answer the second :  
How long (every hour and minute being reckoned,  
And never a minute too much) it would take  
Round the world, upon horseback, his journey to make.

“And then, for the third, — ah me ! wretch of a prelate ! —

He will ask me his thought : to a hair I must tell it  
And then will he freely confess it to me ;  
But no tittle of truth in the thought must there be.

“And if the three answers I fail to discover,  
My rule here, as abbot, that moment is over ;  
He’ll make me to ride on an ass through the land,  
Instead of a bridle, the tail in my hand.”

“That all ?” loudly laughing, Hans Bendix made answer ;

“Pray make yourself easy ; I’ve thought of a plan, sir.  
Just lend me your cap, and your cross, and your dress ;  
We’ll shortly dispose of these questions, I guess.

“My head is not stuffed with your scraps of dog-Latin ;  
Yet I know how to get the dog out and the cat in.  
What you rich ones can’t buy, and you learned ones  
scorn,  
I learned of my mother before I was born.”



Up and down, like a kid, the pleased abbot went skipping.

With cap, cross, and mantle, and collar equipping,  
Hans Bendix stood stately in abbot's array,  
And straight to the emperor's court took his way.

And there sat the emperor, the canopy o'er him,  
With crown and with sceptre, his nobles before him :  
" Like a faithful mint-warden, Sir Abbot, now say  
How much I am worth, to a farthing, this day."

" For thirty good florins was Christ sold, I'm thinking;  
So 'spite all your begging, and bragging, and prinking,  
For you nine and twenty were ample, I guess,  
For you must be surely worth one florin less."

" Hum, well ! " said the emperor ; " a plausible reason,  
And may, to our pride, be a word spoke in season.  
I never, by this high, imperial hat,  
Suspected I *was* quite so dog-cheap as that.

" But, come ; you will find it mere child's play — the  
second :

How long (every hour and minute being reckoned,  
And never a minute too much) will it take  
Round the world, upon horseback, my journey to make ? "

" If you saddle up early, and ride with the sun, sir,  
And at the same Tempo jog steadily on, sir,  
I'll bet you my cross, and my cap here, beside,  
In twenty-four hours you'll finish your ride."

“Ha, ha!” laughed the emperor; “a hostler right clever;  
You fodder your horses with ‘if’ and ‘however.’  
The man who says ‘if’ and ‘however’ can fold  
His arms up, and see his chopped straw become gold.

“But now for the third: on what’s passed do not plume  
                  thee;  
For, failing of this, to the ass I still doom thee.  
What think I that’s false, now? Quick, out let it come;  
But keep me thy ‘ifs’ and ‘howevers’ at home.”

“You’re thinking I’m abbot of St. Gall, I reckon.”  
“Quite right! and in that, sure, I have not mistaken.”  
“Your pardon, Sir Emperor; you’d better give o’er;  
For know, I am Bendix, his shepherd; no more.”

“What! zounds, man! You are not the abbot of St.  
                  Gall, then?”

Cried wildly the emperor, as if he had fallen  
From heaven, with amazement and joy in his stare:  
“Well then, from this time forth you shall be, I swear.

“With ring and with staff I hereby do invest thee;  
Thy master may mount on the ass, and a jest be;  
I’ll teach him henceforward *quid juris* to know;  
For he that will harvest has also to sow.”

“With leave, my lord emperor, again you’ve mis-  
                  taken;  
Don’t hurry; I neither can read, write, nor reckon;  
Of Latin, not one dying word do I know;  
Old Jack cannot pick up what Jacky lets go.”

“ Ah, worthy Hans Bendix, 'tis truly a pity;  
Name some other favor, then, I do entreat thee;  
Thy excellent joke has been pleasant to me;  
I will that my thanks shall give pleasure to thee.”

“ Sir Emperor, I've few wants; but yet if, in earnest,  
To show me some mark of thy grace thou so yearnest,  
Now, then, I will ask, as my rightful reward,  
That your highness do pardon my reverend lord.”

“ Ha, bravo! full plainly I see, fellow fairest,  
Both thy head and thy heart in the right place thou  
wearest.

Thy master a pardon we grant full and free,  
And, into the bargain, a living to thee :

“ ‘To the abbot of St. Gall, with much hearty com-  
mending :

Hans Bendix no longer his sheep shall be tending.  
The abbot shall give him, we straitly decree,  
His maintenance gratis, till death sets him free.’ ”

## THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

WHICH way to Weinsberg? neighbor, say!

'Tis, sure, a famous city;

It must have cradled, in its day,

Full many a maid of noble clay,

And matrons, wise and witty;

And if ever marriage should happen to me,

A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

King Conrad once, historians say,

Fell out with this good city;

So down he came, one luckless day, —

Horse, foot, dragoons, — in stern array, —

And cannon — more's the pity!

Around the walls the artillery roared,

And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But nought the little town could scare;

Then, red with indignation,

He bade the herald straight repair

Up to the gates, and thunder there

The following proclamation:

“Rascals! when I your town do take,

No living thing shall save its neck!”

Now, when the herald's trumpet sent  
These tidings through the city,  
To every house a death-knell went ;  
Such murder-cries the hot air rent  
Might move the stones to pity.  
Then bread grew dear, but good advice  
Could not be had for any price.

Then, " Woe is me ! " " O misery ! "  
What shrieks of lamentation !  
And " Kyrie Eleison ! " cried  
The pastors, and the flock replied,  
" Lord, save us from starvation ! "  
" O, woe is me, poor Corydon !  
My neck — my neck ! I'm gone — I'm gone ! "

Yet oft, when counsel, deed, and prayer,  
Had all proved unavailing,  
When hope hung trembling on a hair,  
How oft has woman's wit been there ! —  
A refuge never failing ;  
For woman's wit and Papal fraud,  
Of olden time, were famed abroad.

A youthful dame, — praised be her name !  
Last night had seen her plighted, —  
Whether in waking hour or dream,  
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,  
Which all the town delighted ;  
Which you, if you think otherwise,  
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

At midnight hour, when culverin,  
And gun, and bomb, were sleeping,  
Before the camp, with mournful mien,  
The loveliest embassy were seen  
All kneeling low and weeping.  
So sweetly, plaintively they prayed,  
But no reply save this was made : —

“ The women have free leave to go,  
Each with her choicest treasure ;  
But let the knaves, their husbands, know,  
That unto them the king will show  
The weight of his displeasure.”  
With these sad terms the lovely train  
Stole weeping from the camp again.

But, when the morning gilt the sky,  
What happened ? Give attention.  
The city gates wide open fly,  
And all the wives come trudging by,  
Each bearing — need I mention ? —  
Her own dear husband on her back,  
All snugly seated in a sack !

Full many a sprig of court, the joke  
Not relishing, protested,  
And urged the king ; but Conrad spoke :  
“ A monarch’s word must not be broke ! ”  
And there the matter rested.  
“ Bravo ! ” he cried, “ Ha, ha ! Bravo !  
Our lady guessed it would be so.”

He pardoned all, and gave a ball,  
That night, at royal quarters.  
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew,  
And up and down the dancers flew,  
Court sprigs with city daughters.  
The mayor's wife — O rarest sight! —  
Danced with the shoemaker that night!

Ah, where is Weinsberg, sir, I pray?  
'Tis, sure, a famous city;  
It must have cradled, in its day,  
Full many a maid of noble clay,  
And matrons, wise and witty;  
And if ever marriage should happen to me,  
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

## NEW ZEALANDER'S BATTLE-SONG.

HALLO, ye my fellows! arise and advance!  
See the white-crested waves, how they stamp and they  
                    dance  
High over the reef there with anger and might!  
So wildly we dance to the bloody-red fight.

Then gather! now gather! come, gather, ye all!  
Each thing that hath limbs and arms, come at our call!  
Like reeds on the moor, when the whirlwind sweeps by,  
Our lances and war-axes darken the sky.

Sharp, sharp as the tooth of the sea-hound and shark,  
They'll bore ye, they'll split ye. Fly, lance, to the mark!  
Home, home to the heart! And thou, battle-axe grim,  
Split, splintering and shivering, through brain-pan and  
                    limb!

To-day we ask vengeance, to-day we ask blood;  
We ask it; we're coming to make our word good;  
The storm flinches not, though the woods choke its path;  
We ask it; we're coming; beware of our wrath!

At home, wives and children a hearth for us lay;  
A savory flesh-feast awaits us to-day.  
Behind yonder mountains e'en now the smoke streams,  
And the blaze of the brush-fire crackles and gleams.



Long, long have we hungered and thirsted for you;  
At home the dogs lurk round the clean table, too.  
Loud-shouting, we eat you to-night, every one,  
Devour you clean to the white, ringing bone.

Rush, rush, ye my fellows, rush on them like hail!  
Soon, soon, shall their roasting your nostrils regale;  
The fire is flaring; the oven is a-glow!  
Heave to, now! hew through now! Halloha! hallo!

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## A CASUS ANATOMICUS.

HARPAX, the merchant, died; his body was dissected;  
No symptom of disease was any where detected,  
Until they reached the heart — which to find they were  
not able;  
But in its place they found — the multiplication table.

## THE POOR POET.

A MANUFACTURER of rhymes,  
Rosy and plump as one would wish to see,  
Whose face, as long as it was broad, I know,  
Like the round disk of the full moon did glow,  
Once talked about his poverty,  
And bravely railed at these hard times.

“’Tis, surely, just for pastime thus you speak,”  
Said some one standing by ;  
“ This precious flesh of yours, so plump and sleek,  
And this new-risen moon, your rosy cheek,  
Sir plaintiff, these against you testify.”

The patient poet sighed : “ That may be so ;  
But, sirs, this paunch — God bless it ! ” — here he drew  
His hand across it, — “ and this full moon too,  
Were mortgaged to mine host some months ago ! ”

HÖLTY.



# H Ö L T Y.

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## DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

SHE is no more, who bade the May-month hail;  
    Alas! no more;  
The songstress who enlivened all the vale —  
    Her songs are o'er;  
She, whose sweet tones, in golden evening hours,  
    Rang through my breast,  
When, by the brook that murmured 'mong the flowers,  
    I lay at rest.

How richly gurgled from her deep, full throat  
    The silvery lay!  
Till in her caves sweet Echo caught the note,  
    Far, far away.  
Then was the hour when village pipe and song  
    Sent up their sound,  
And dancing maidens lightly tripped along  
    The moonlit ground.

A youth lay listening on the green hill-side,  
    Far down the grove,  
While on his rapt face hung a youthful bride  
    In speechless love.

'Their hands were locked oft as thy silvery strain  
    Rang through the vale;  
They heeded not the merry, dancing train,  
    Sweet nightingale.

They listened thee till village bells from far  
    Chimed on the ear,  
And, like a golden fleece, the evening star  
    Beamed bright and clear.  
Then, in the cool and fanning breeze of May,  
    Homeward they stole,  
Full of sweet thoughts, breathed, by thy tender lay,  
    Through the deep soul.

## HARVEST SONG.

SICKLES sound;  
On the ground  
Fast the ripe ears fall;  
Every maiden's bonnet  
Has blue blossoms on it;  
Joy is over all.

Sickles ring,  
Maidens sing  
To the sickle's sound;  
Till the moon is beaming,  
And the stubble gleaming,  
Harvest songs go round.

All are springing,  
All are singing,  
Every lisping thing.  
Man and master meet;  
From one dish they eat;  
Each is now a king.

Hans and Michael  
Whet the sickle,  
Piping merrily.  
Now they mow; each maiden  
Soon with sheaves is laden,  
Busy as a bee.

Now the blisses,  
And the kisses !

Now the wit doth flow  
Till the beer is out ;  
Then, with song and shout,  
Home they go, yo ho !



## CALL TO JOY.

AWAY with pouting and with pining,  
So long as youth and spring-time bloom !  
Why, when life's morning-sun is shining,  
Why should the brow be clothed in gloom ?

On every road the Pleasures greet us,  
As through life's pilgrimage we roam ;  
With wreaths of flowers they come to meet us,  
And lead us onward to our home.

The rivulet purls and plays as lightly  
As when it danced to Eden's breeze ;  
The lovely moon still beams as brightly  
As when she shone through Adam's trees.

## THE OLD FARMER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

My son, be honest truth thy guide,  
And, to thy dying day,  
Turn not a finger's breadth aside  
From God's appointed way.  
Then shall thy pilgrim-pathway lie  
Through meadows sunny-green ;  
Then shalt thou look on death with eye  
Unshrinking and serene ; —

Then shall the pathway to thy tomb  
By frequent feet be trod,  
And summer flowers, of sweet perfume,  
Spring from the moistened sod ;  
For oft shall children's children, led  
By fond affection's care,  
At evening seek thy grave, and shed  
The tear of sorrow there.

## WINTER SONG.

## IMITATED.

SUMMER joys are o'er ;  
Flowerets bloom no more ;  
Wintry winds are sweeping :  
Through the snow-drifts peeping,  
Cheerful evergreen  
Rarely now is seen.

Now no plumed throng  
Charms the woods with song ;  
Ice-bound trees are glittering ;  
Merry snow-birds, twittering,  
Fondly strive to cheer  
Scenes so cold and drear.

Winter, still I see  
Many charms in thee ;  
Love thy chilly greeting,  
Snow-storms fiercely beating,  
And the dear delights  
Of the long, long nights.

## ELEGY AT THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER.

BLESSED are they who slumber in the Lord ;  
Thou, too, O my father, thou art blest ;  
Angels came to crown thee ; at their word  
Thou hast gone to share the heavenly rest.

Roaming through the boundless, starry sky,  
What is now to thee this earthly clod ?  
At a glance ten thousand suns sweep by,  
While thou gazest on the face of God.

In thy sight the eternal record lies ;  
Thou dost drink from life's immortal wells ;  
Midnight's mazy mist before thee flies,  
And in heavenly day thy spirit dwells.

Yet, beneath thy dazzling victor's-crown,  
Thou dost send a father's look to me ;  
At Jehovah's throne thou fallest down,  
And Jehovah, hearing, answereth thee.

Father, O, when life's last drops are wasting, —  
Those dear drops which God's own urn hath given, —  
When my soul the pangs of death is tasting,  
To my dying bed come down from heaven !

Let thy cooling palm wave freshly o'er me,  
Sinking to the dark and silent tomb ;  
Let the awful vales be bright before me,  
Where the flowers of resurrection bloom.

Then with thine my soul shall soar through heaven,  
With the same unfading glory blessed,  
For a home one star to us be given, —  
In the Father's bosom we shall rest.

Then bloom on, gay tufts of scented roses ;  
O'er his grave your sweetest fragrance shed ;  
And, while here his sacred dust reposes,  
Silence, reign around his lowly bed.



SCHILLER.





# SCHILLER.

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THE ENTRANCE OF THE NEW CENTURY.

1 JAN. 1800.

*To \* \* \* .*

NOBLE friend! where now for Peace, worn-hearted,  
Where for Freedom, is a refuge-place?  
The old century has in storm departed,  
And the new with carnage starts its race.

And the bond of nations flies asunder,  
And the ancient forms rush to decline;  
Not the ocean hems the warring thunder,  
Not the Nile-god and the ancient Rhine.

Two imperious nations are contending  
For one empire's universal field;  
Liberty from every people rending  
Thunder-bolt and trident do they wield.

Gold must be weighed them from each country's labor;  
And, like Brennus in barbarian days,  
See, the daring Frank his iron sabre  
In the balances of justice lays.

The grasping Briton his trade-fleets, like mighty  
Arms of the sea-polypus, doth spread ;  
And the realm of unbound Amphitrite  
Would he girdle like his own homestead.

To the south pole's unseen constellations  
Pierce his keels, unhindered, resting not ;  
All the isles, all coasts of farthest nations,  
Spies he ; — all but Eden's sacred spot.

Ah ! in vain, on charts of all earth's order,  
May'st thou seek that bright and blessed shore,  
Where the green of Freedom's garden-border,  
Where man's prime is fresh forevermore.

Endless lies the world that thine eye traces,  
Even commerce scarcely belts it round,  
Yet upon its all unmeasured spaces  
For ten happy ones is no room found.

On the heart's holy and quiet pinion  
Must thou fly from out this rough life's throng ;  
Freedom lives but within dream's dominion,  
And the beautiful blooms but in song.

N. L. F.

RANZ DES VACHES.

OPENING OF "WILLIAM TELL."

*Fisher-boy in the Boat.*

THERE'S a smile on the lake — there's a voice from the  
 deep;  
 The boy on the green shore sank gently to sleep;  
 And, hark! a sweet melody  
 Steals o'er his rest,  
 Like the voices of angels  
 In groves of the blest;  
 And when, fresh and buoyant, from slumber he wakes,  
 Lo! the wave on his bosom just murmurs and breaks,  
 And the billow calls softly:  
 "Dear boy, thou art mine!  
 Round the peace-loving shepherd  
 My fond arms I twine."

*Herdsmen on the Mountain.*

[VARIATION.]

Ye meadows, farewell,  
 Ye pastures, still shining;  
 The summer's declining,  
 And herdsman must go.  
 Then away to the mountain! — We're coming again,  
 When the call of the cuckoo is heard on the plain,

When streamlets murmur, and earth is gay,  
And blossoms and birds tell of lovely May.

Ye meadows, farewell,  
Ye pastures, still shining;  
The summer's declining,  
And herdsman must go.

*Alpine Hunter appears on an opposite Crag.*

[SECOND VARIATION.]

'Mid thundering mountains, on tottering bridge,  
Dreads not the bold hunter the perilous ridge.

O'er ice-fields, undaunted,  
He wanders alone,  
Where blossoms no spring-time,  
Nor green thing is known.

Beneath him the clouds in vast billows roll by,  
And the dwellings of men are all hid from his eye, —

Till the clouds yawn asunder;  
Then, glittering in green,  
Far down through the waters  
Gay meadows are seen.

MARY STUART'S SONG,<sup>1</sup>

ON OCCASION OF A TEMPORARY RELEASE FROM HER IMPRISON-  
MENT IN FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

FREEDOM is mine again! Let me enjoy it!

O, I'm a child again! Be one with me!

And on the verdant carpet of morning

Try the light-wingéd foot over the lea.

Am I arisen from gloom and from prison?

Holds me no longer that vault of despair?

Let me, in full, inexhaustible measures,

Drink of the boundless, the heavenly air!

\* \* \* \*

O, thanks, thanks to the green and friendly grove,

That hides that dismal prison-wall from me!

I dreamed in freedom's bliss once more to rove;

Why wake me from the dream of ecstasy?

Am I not bosomed in the boundless sky?

My sight, unchained and free,

Roams through unmeasured spaces, far and high.

Those dim, blue, misty mountains, looming yonder,

Mark where my empire's boundaries lie;

And these light, fleecy clouds, that southward wander,

On to thy pleasant ocean, France, they hie.

<sup>1</sup> See Note I.

Clouds that float over me, sailors of air,  
Might I but roam with you, sail with you there !  
Greet for me kindly the land of my youth.  
A poor, lonely captive, in chains here I lie :  
O be my messengers ; yours is the sky :  
Ye spread your white wings to the breeze, and away ;  
This queen has you not in her iron sway !

\* \* \* \*

There's a fisherman mooring his boat to the shore ;  
That wretched vessel might rescue me :  
To friendly cities how soon would I flee !  
The poor man never should hunger more ;  
I'd load him with treasures o'er and o'er ;  
Good luck should he find in his net, if he  
Would carry me safely over the sea.

\* \* \* \*

Hark ! the wild bugle ! Hear it ringing  
Its mighty call to woodland and plain !  
O, on the fiery steed to be springing,  
And bounding away with the frolicsome train !  
And, ah ! once more that well-known voice !  
It comes with sad, sweet memories filled :  
How often it made my heart to rejoice,  
How often mine ear with its melody thrilled,  
When it came, on the breeze of the Highlands borne,  
With the roar of the chase and the sound of the horn !

## JOAN OF ARC'S FAREWELL TO HER HOME.

FAREWELL, ye mountains, ye beloved pastures,  
 And peaceful, friendly valleys; fare ye well.  
 Joan no more along your paths may wander;  
 She bids you now a fond, a last farewell;  
 Meadows that I have watered, trees I planted,  
 Long may your smiling green my kindness tell;  
 Farewell, ye cooling grottoes, murmuring fountains,  
 And thou, soft Echo, voice of the lone dell,  
 That oft mad'st answer to my jocund strain; —  
 Joan may never visit you again!

Ye scenes where all my quiet joys were found,  
 I leave you here behind for evermore;  
 Ye lambkins sporting on the flowery ground,  
 Soon, a lost flock, ye'll roam the mountains o'er:  
 I go to lead another flock, 'mid sound  
 Of drum and trumpet, on a field of gore.  
 A spirit's voice hath summoned me — I yield —  
 No earth-born passion spurs me to the field.

He who of old on Horeb's height came down,  
 And from the burning bush to Moses spake;  
 Who bade him stand and brave stern Pharaoh's frown;  
 Who bade the shepherd-son of Jesse take  
 A warrior's spear and wear a kingly crown;  
 Who still loves shepherds for his mercy's sake, —

To me hath spoken from yon whispering tree, —  
“Go forth; thou shalt on earth my witness be!

“Go, and henceforth the brazen armor prove;  
Bind the steel breastplate to thy tender breast;  
Let not man’s love have power thy heart to move,  
Nor wild, unholy fires thy soul molest;  
No bridal wreath shall bloom thy brow above,  
No smiling infant on thy bosom rest; —  
Yet shall the hero’s lasting fame be thine;  
Above earth’s noblest daughters thou shalt shine.

“When in the shock of fight the mightiest reel,  
When the last hour of France is drawing nigh,  
Then shalt thou wave my oriflamb on high,  
Like corn before the reaping maiden’s steel,  
Low in the dust shalt see the tyrant lie,  
Roll back his proud, triumphant chariot wheel,  
To the brave sons of France salvation bring,  
Deliver Rheims, and crown thy rightful king.”

The Lord of Hosts hath promised me a sign,  
And now he sends this helmet<sup>1</sup> — ’tis from him!  
Its iron touch nerves me with power divine;  
I feel the glory of the cherubim;  
I must away to join the bristling line —  
A tempest whirls me onward; earth grows dim;  
The din of battle summons me away;  
The war-steed prances, and the trumpets bray.

<sup>1</sup> See Note J.



JOAN OF ARC, ON THE DAY OF THE CORONATION IN  
RHEIMS.<sup>1</sup>

THE din of arms, the storm of strife, is o'er,  
And bloody battles yield to dance and song;  
Through every street the gay processions pour,  
To church and altar with glad music throng;  
They pass through many a green, triumphal door,  
Through aisles of rustling leaves they sweep along;  
Rheims scarce can hold the crowds that roll, this day,  
Like ocean's billows, through each echoing way.

And now one gleam of joy lights every eye,  
One proud emotion throbs in every breast;  
Where, late, the bloody waves of strife ran high,  
Now all is lulled to harmony and rest.  
The name of France makes Frenchmen's pulses fly;  
To own that name is to be richly blessed;  
The lustre of the old crown comes back again,  
And France prepares to hail her rightful sovereign's  
reign.

But I, who ushered in this glorious day, —  
I have no heart to feel the joy I see!  
My sinking spirit flies from scenes so gay;  
The voice of earth-born passion whispers me;

<sup>1</sup> See Note K.

To Britain's distant camp my longings stray;  
Ay, to my country's foes I yearn to flee,  
And from these scenes of gladness needs must steal,  
My bosom's deep pollution to conceal.

I? what! I, in my pure bosom,  
Filled with glory from above,  
Bow before a human idol?  
Feel one throb of earthly love?  
Redeemer of my country — I —  
Champion of Him who reigns on high —  
Burn for my country's deadly foe!  
And dare I tell the chaste sun so,  
Nor sink into the dust for shame?

Hark! Ah me! what strains steal o'er me!  
How they cheat my captive ear!  
In each tone *his* voice I hear,  
And his image glides before me.

O for the storm and the shock of battle!  
For the crash of the lance and the armor's rattle!  
O for the music of deadly strife!  
Then would my spirit awake to life.

Ah, these voices — tones of sweetness —  
How they chain my willing heart!  
All my strength — my heaven-born fire —  
Dies in feeble, fond desire,  
As the tears of memory start.

Should I have killed him? Could I, when his eye  
Met mine? Kill *him*! No; sooner had I turned  
On my own breast the deadly-pointed steel!  
And was it guilt in me that I was human?  
Is pity sin, then? — Pity! — Didst thou hear  
The voice of Pity and Humanity,  
When other victims fell beneath thy sword!  
Where slept that voice when late the Welshman, ay,  
That tender youth, besought thee for his life?  
False heart! thou liest to the Eternal Day!  
Not Pity's holy voice led thee astray.

What power impelled me on his face to gaze?  
With that first look thy dreadful sin began,  
Unhappy one! *Blind* instruments God asks!  
With blinded eyes thou shouldst have done the deed;  
God's shield was gone so soon as thou didst *see*,  
And Hell that moment fixed her fatal snares on thee!

Peaceful crook! that I should ever  
Change thee for the battle-sword!  
Holy oak! O, had I never  
Thy mysterious whisperings heard!  
Would that thou, high Queen of Heaven!  
Never hadst to earth come down!  
O, take back what thou hast given —  
Take again this heavy crown!

Ah, Heaven's gates rose bright before me,  
And the mansions of the blessed:  
Clouds and darkness now hang o'er me;  
All my hopes on earth must rest!

Why, ah, why was that sad burden  
On my feeble spirit laid?  
*Could* I thus this bosom harden —  
I — a timid, trembling maid?

If thou wilt reveal thy glory,  
Choose the pure ones, who before thee  
Stand in unapproachéd light —  
Spirits spotless in thy sight!  
Let *them* work thy will, who sleep not  
Night and day, who feel not — weep not, —  
But, O choose not tender maiden,  
Herdsmaid's heart with frailties laden!

What had I to do with empires,  
Fate of kings and bloody fight?  
Harmless I my lambs had tended  
On the silent mountain's height;  
But thy summons sternly tore me  
From a happy, peaceful home,  
To the scenes of splendor bore me,  
There in sin's dark paths to roam!

## THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

FROM "WALLENSTEIN."

THE clouds are heavy,  
The oak-woods roar ;  
The maid is sitting  
By ocean's shore.

The waves are breaking with might, with might,  
And she breathes her sighs on the dusky night,  
Her eyes with weeping wasted.

" My heart is perished ;  
The world is void,  
And to wish of mine  
Can give nought beside.

Thou Holy One, now thy child recall !  
For of earth's delight I have had my all, —  
Of life and of love I've tasted."

N. L. F.

## PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

“ WILL my Hector go, for evermore,  
Where Achilles, on the blood-stained shore,  
Brings dread offerings to Patroclus' tomb?  
Who shall teach thy little ones the spear?  
Who shall bid them love the gods, and fear,  
When thou art swallowed up in Orcus' gloom !”

“ Dearest wife, the untimely tear restrain;  
Heaven impels me to the battle-plain;  
This right hand old Pergamus defends.  
For the gods — a holy band — contending,  
And the land in her last hour defending,  
To the Stygian flood my soul descends.”

“ In the hall still hang thy shield and spear —  
May I never more their clanking hear!  
Priam's mighty race is fading fast.  
Thou wilt go where day no more is shining,  
Where Cocytus through the waste flows pining,  
And thy love in Lethe die at last !”

“ All my fond ambition, each bright dream,  
Will I sink in Lethe's sullen stream;  
But my love shall never be forgot ! —  
Hark ! that wild cry from the walls is sweeping !  
Gird me on my sword now — cease thy weeping —  
Hector's love in Lethe dieth not !”

## A SAYING OF CONFUCIUS.

THE steps of Time have a threefold gait : —  
Loitering slow the Future advances ;  
Arrow-swift by the Present glances ;  
Ever the Past holds its fixed estate.

No impatient thought can wing it,  
When its lingering feet delay ;  
Fear nor doubt to pause can bring it,  
As it speeds away — away ;  
Nor magic charm, nor guilt's distress,  
Avails to move the motionless.

Wouldst thou with the blest and wise  
End the course that before thee lies ? —  
Let the Loiterer counsel read,  
But ne'er be partner of thy deed ;  
Choose not as friend with the Flying to go,  
And make not the Unchangeable thy foe.

N. L. F.

## EPIGRAMS

## THE ILIAD.

TEAR up the laurel of Homer, and number the fathers  
Of the completed, eternal work !  
It has only one mother still, and the features of mother ;  
Nature ! they're thine eternal traits.

N. L. F.

## GOODNESS AND GREATNESS.

ONLY two virtues are there : O, were they always united,  
And goodness always were great, always greatness  
were good !

N. L. F.

## THE PHILOSOPHIES.

OF all the philosophies, which stands firmest ? — I  
know not ;  
But philosophy's self, I trust, shall ever endure.

N. L. F.



## THE CHILD IN THE CRADLE.

HAPPY infant! in thy cradle  
Endless space thou seem'st to see;  
Be a man -- and all creation  
Is not wide enough for thee!

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## ANTICIPATION AND REALITY.

YOUTH, with thousand-masted vessel,  
Ploughs the sea at morning light;  
Age, in shattered skiff escaping,  
Calmly drifts to port at night.



GOETHE.



# GOETHE.

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## ALEXIS AND DORÄ.

AH! unrestrainedly onward struggles the ship every  
moment

Thorough the white-foaming flood further and further  
away!

Furrows follow the track of the keel, and in them the  
dolphins

Springing follow the ship, catching the food from it  
thrown.

All betokens a prosperous voyage; — peaceful the boat-  
swain

Gently pulls at the sail which works for all who are  
there.

Forward press the mariners' hearts, like the colors and  
pennons;

One only backward stands, mournfully turned to the  
mast, —

Sees the mountains, now blue, all receding, — sees them  
in ocean

Sinking away; — so sinks every dear joy before *him*.

Also is vanished to thee the ship that bears thy Alexis,  
Far, O Dora, from *thee* bears thy lover away.

*Thou*, too, lookest in vain after *me*. Our hearts are now  
beating

*For* each other, but, ah! *against* each other no more.  
Only moment in which I truly did live, thou out-  
weighest

All the days of my life that vanished so coldly away.  
Ah! in that moment alone, the last, in thee there de-  
scended,

Unexpected to me, as from the immortals, a life.  
But in vain with thy light thou clearest the clouds from  
the ether;

Thy all-illuminating day, Phœbus, is hateful to me.  
Now to myself I return once more, and, musing in  
silence,

Echo the time when she daily to me would appear.  
Possible was it to see her beauty, and yet not to *feel* it?

Did not the heavenly charm work on thy senses  
obtuse?

Poor one, accuse not thyself! — So reads the poet a  
riddle

Skilfully fettered with words, oft to the ears of the  
crowd.

Each one enjoys the rare union of elegant pictures,  
But still is wanting the word which the true meaning  
must show.

When 'tis at length revealed, then brightens each soul  
in an instant,

And in the poem perceives doubly delightful the sense.  
Ah! why so late from my eyes, O Love, didst thou tear  
off the bandage?

Wherefore so late from my sight the bandage thy  
cunning had wove?

Long waits already the well-freighted ship for the favor-  
ing breezes,

Finally struggles the joyful wind from shore to the sea.  
Vain are the hours of youth, and vain the dreams of  
the future :

Ye must vanish away — only the hour remains.  
Yes, she is here ; for me there is joy ; I have thee,  
my Dora ;

Hope shows sweetly to me, Dora, thine image alone.  
Often I saw thee go to the temple, well-dressed and  
well-mannered,

And thy mother walked on solemnly, close by thy  
side.

Busy wast thou, and brisk to carry thy fruits to the  
market ;

And from the fountain how boldly the full vase  
swung on thy head !

Then appeared thy neck before all so lovely and bril-  
liant,

And thy beautiful grace in every motion we saw.  
Many a time have I feared for thee lest the pitcher  
should tumble ;

But it stood ever firm there on thy ringleted tire.  
Beautiful neighbor, yes, I then was accustomed to see  
thee

As we see the stars — as we gaze on the moon —  
As we rejoice in their light — and, with tranqui-  
lest bo-  
soms,

Not the remotest wish stirs to possess them ourselves.  
Years, thus fled ye away. But twenty paces asunder  
Stood our houses, and *I* never her threshold had  
crossed.

And *now* divides us the terrible flood! Thou deceiv'st  
but the heavens,

Ocean! thy glorious blue to *me* is the color of night  
All was stirring already: then came a boy swiftly  
running

Up to my father's house, calling me down to the  
beach.

"See, they are raising the sail; in the wind it is flap-  
ping;" — so said he —

"And they are weighing with strength the anchor  
drawn up from the sand."

"Come, Alexis, O come!" So urged my gallant old father,  
Blessing me, with his hand placed on the curls of my  
head.

Carefully gave my mother to me a well-prepared bun-  
dle.

"Safely mayst thou return," cried they, "safely and  
rich!"

And so sprang I away, under my arm took my bun-  
dle,

Downward swift to the wall; — standing I saw thee  
there

At the gate of the garden; — thou smiledst, and spokest  
— "Alexis,

Yon noisy fellows, shall *they* be thy companions on  
board?

Foreign lands thou art going to seek; thou'rt going to  
purchase

Costliest jewels and wares, all for the rich city dames.  
Bring, then, a chainlet for me, and I will gratefully  
take it:

Many a time have I wished such a small necklace to  
own."



Then remaining, I stood and inquired, in merchant-like  
manner,

Touching the shape and the weight of this necklace  
for thee.

Modestly thou didst consider the price; then gazed I  
upon thee,

Looked at thy neck, which I thought worthy the  
jewels of our queen.

Vehement came then a call from the ship: then saidest  
thou kindly,

“Take with thee, ere thou goest, some of our garden  
fruits;

Take the ripest oranges; take some figs; for the  
ocean

Gives no fruits such as these; yields them not every  
land.”

So through the gate-way I stepped; the fruit thou  
busily broughtest,

And with the golden load thy apron was heavily filled.

Often I said, “Now this is enough;” yet still there  
kept falling

Fairer fruits from the tree gently touched by thy  
hand.

Then to the arbor thou camest at last; we found there  
a basket,

And the myrtle-tree bent blooming over our heads.

Silently now thou began'st to arrange the fruits in their  
order —

First the oranges ripe resting like golden balls,

Then the delicate figs yielding to every pressure,

And with myrtles bedecked was the acceptable gift.

Yet I took it not up: I stood. We looked at each  
other,

Looked in each other's eyes; ah! how sad was that  
look!

Close to my bosom I pressed thee; round thy beautiful  
shoulders

Circling my arm, I gave many a passionate kiss.  
Sank thy head on my shoulder, twined thy fair arms  
around me;

Thus we completed the tie blessedly binding our  
souls.

Then did I feel love's hand; it potently pressed us to-  
gether,

While from the cloudless sky three times it thun-  
dered; then fell

Showers of tears from our eyes, both of us bitterly  
weeping,

And before weeping and joy the world seemed to  
vanish away.

Still came the vehement call from the shore: how loath  
were my feet to

Bear me away! I cried, "Dora! and art thou not  
mine?"

"Forever!" softly thou said'st. Then seemed the tears  
we were shedding

As by some heavenly breeze dried gently away from  
our eyes.

Nearer the cry rang — "Alexis!" Then peeped the boy  
who was searching,

In through the garden door, and quickly the basket  
took up,

Urging me hurriedly on: how fondly I pressed then thy  
hand, love!

How did I get to the ship! I know, like a drunkard  
I seemed;

And my companions so thought me, and gazed on the  
sick youth with pity ;

And separation's sad spell covered already the town.  
"Forever !" Dora, thou murmuredst ; still in my ear it  
is ringing

With the dread thunder of Jove ! Stood she then  
near the throne,  
Daughter of Jupiter, goddess of love ; the Graces were  
standing

There at her side, and the league by all the immortals  
is blessed !

O, then, hasten, thou ship, with all kind, favoring breezes ;  
Strive, thou powerful keel, cut through the white,  
foaming flood ;

Carry me safe to the haven afar, to the shop of the gold-  
smith,

That I may bid him to make that heavenly pledge  
for my love.

Truly, the chainlet shall prove a *chain* for thee, O my  
Dora !

Nine times folding around, loosely encircling thy  
neck.

Jewels brought from afar of every kind will I bring thee ;  
Clasps of glittering gold shall shine on thy delicate  
wrists.

There shall the emerald vie with the ruby ; the beautiful  
sapphire,

By the bright hyacinth's side, sparkle with emulous  
light ;

And the rich gold shall knit the glittering brilliants to-  
gether.

O, how the bridegroom exults simply in decking his  
bride!

If I see pearls, of thee I shall think, and every ring  
shall

Bring to my fancy the fair form of thy tapering hand.  
I shall traffic and buy; but thou shalt choose thee the  
richest.

All my cargo to thee cheerfully will I devote.  
Yet not treasures and jewels alone thy beloved will purchase;

All that a housewife enjoys, that will I bring with  
me too.

Fine woollen coverings I'll bring, with borders of purple,  
to make thee

Couches soft and warm, where we may quietly sleep.  
Costly pieces of linen I see thee sitting and sewing,

Clothing me and thyself, and afterwards, may be, a  
third.

Dreams of hope, ye're deceiving my heart! O temper,  
ye Powers,

This too passionate fire burning so fierce in my  
breast.

Yet do I long to feel it again, the painful enjoyment,

When this anxiety, chill and horribly tranquil, is near.  
Not the torch of the furies, the hell-hounds' terrible  
yelling,

Frightens the criminal so in the dark fields of despair,  
As the calm spectre me frightens that shows me this moment  
my fair one;

For indeed the gate of her garden stands open still!  
And another comes in: for *him* the ripe fruits are  
falling,

And the figs yield up strengthening honey to *him* !  
Lures she him, following, too, to the arbor? O, make  
me, immortals,  
Blind, the image wash out of every remembrance in  
me!  
Yes, she's a girl! and she who to one resigns herself  
quickly,  
Soon to another may turn, and give herself quickly to  
*him*.  
Laugh not, O Jupiter, now at vows thus shamelessly  
broken!  
Thunder more dreadfully! Smite! Lift the thun-  
derbolt back!  
After me send the staggering clouds! In darkness the  
thickest  
Strike with thy glittering bolt this unfortunate mast!  
Scatter the planks around, and give to the maddening  
surges  
All these treasures! and *me* give to the fish for a  
prey! —  
Now, ye Muses, enough! for vainly ye strive to de-  
picture  
How in the lover's breast agony mingles with bliss.  
Heal ye cannot the wounds which love has made in our  
bosoms,  
But mitigation can come only, ye blessed, from you.

C. P. C.

## THE ERL-KING.

Who rides so late through night-winds wild ?  
It is the father with his child ;  
He folds the darling well in his arm ;  
He clasps him close, and he keeps him warm.

“ My son, why so timidly cover thine eye ? ”  
“ See'st thou not, father, the Erl-king nigh ?  
'Tis he, with his crown and his glittering train.”  
“ My son, 'tis the mist-lights that dance on the plain.”

“ Thou gentle child, come, go with me !  
Ah, beautiful plays I'll play with thee ;  
The sweetest of flowers on the shore thou'lt behold ;  
My mother hath many a garment of gold.”

“ My father, my father, and dost thou not hear  
What words of promise he breathes in my ear ? ”  
“ Be quiet, my child, be quiet ; the breeze  
Moans, as it creeps through the withering trees.”

“ Say, beautiful boy, wilt go with me ?  
My daughters in beauty shall wait upon thee ;  
My daughters around thee their night-watch shall keep,  
And rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep.”

“ My father, my father, and see'st thou not there  
The Erl-king's daughters glide through the dark air ? ”

“ My son, my son, 'tis the old willow-trees  
That nod their gray heads to the nightly breeze.”

“ I love thee ; I yearn for that fair form of thine ;  
And, willing or not, thou must come and be mine.”

“ My father, my father, I feel his cold arm !  
The Erl-king has done me a dreadful harm ! ”

The father shudders ; with terror wild  
He clasps to his bosom the moaning child ;  
All faint and breathless he gains his door ;  
'Twas a pale, dead child in his arms he bore.



## MIGNON.

Know'st thou the land where spicy citrons blow —  
Gold oranges through dark-green foliage glow —  
A soft wind breathes along the pure blue sky —  
The myrtle silent stands — the laurel high —  
Know'st thou it haply? — Then with thee,  
Thither, my loved one, thither would I flee!

Know'st thou the house with columns white and tall,  
Its gleaming chambers and its sparkling hall?  
Pale marble statues stand and gaze on me,  
And say, "Poor child! what have they done to thee?"  
Know'st thou it haply? — Then with thee,  
Thither, my guardian, thither would I flee!

Know'st thou the mountain and its misty bridge?  
The slow mule feels his way along the ridge;  
In holes lie coiled the serpent's ancient brood;  
Down rolls the rock, and over it the flood.  
Know'st thou it haply? — Then with thee,  
That way, my father, homeward would I flee!



## THE FISHER.

THE waters purled — the waters swelled —  
A fisher sat near by,  
And earnestly his line beheld  
With tranquil heart and eye.  
And while he sits and watches there,  
He sees the waves divide,  
And, lo! a maid, with glistening hair,  
Springs from the troubled tide.

She sang to him — she spake to him —  
“ Why lur’st thou from below,  
In cruel mood, my tender brood,  
To die in day’s fierce glow ?  
Ah! didst thou know how sweetly there  
The little fishes dwell,  
Thou wouldst come down their lot to share,  
And be forever well.

“ Bathes not the smiling sun at night —  
The moon, too — in the waves ?  
Comes he not forth more fresh and bright  
From ocean’s cooling caves ?  
Canst thou unmoved that deep world see,  
That heaven of tranquil blue,  
Where thine own face is beckoning thee  
Down to the eternal dew ? ”

The waters purled — the waters swelled —  
They kissed his naked feet ;  
His heart a nameless transport held,  
As if his love did greet.  
She spake to him — she sang to him —  
Then all with him was o'er —  
Half drew she him — half sank he in —  
He sank to rise no more.

## TO THE PARTED ONE.

AND thou art now no longer near !  
From me, O fairest, thou hast flown !  
Nor rings in my accustomed ear  
A single word — a single tone.

As when, at morn, the wanderer's eye  
Pierces the air in vain to see  
Where, hidden in the deep-blue sky,  
High up the lark goes singing free, —

So wanders anxiously my gaze  
Piercing the field, the bush, the grove ;  
On thee still call my frequent lays :  
O, come to me again, dear love.

C. P. C.

## TO THE CLOUDS.

CLOUDS that sweep the midnight heaven,  
On your bright wings let me rove ;  
Leave me not with anguish riven,  
None who love me — none to love.

Oft, my nightly vigils keeping,  
I have watched you till the dawn,  
Through the far blue heavens sweeping,  
On your snowy pinions borne.

Away — away, forever speeding,  
Careless wanderers of the air,  
Human joy and woe unheeding,  
Ah, ye pause not at my prayer.

Leave, O leave me not in sadness,  
Heavenly longings in my breast ;  
Bear me on your wings of gladness  
To the far home of my rest.

S. H. W.

RÜCKERT.



# RÜCKERT.

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## STRUNG PEARLS.

'Tis true, the breath of sighs throws mist upon a  
mirror;

But yet, through breath of sighs, the soul's clear glass  
grows clearer.

*From* God there is no flight, but only *to* him. Daring  
Protects not when he frowns, but the child's filial  
bearing.

The father feels the blow when he corrects his son;  
But when thy heart is loose, rigor's a kindness done.

A father should to God pray, each new day at latest,  
"Lord, teach me how to use the power thou dele-  
gatest."

O, look, whene'er the world thy senses would betray,  
Up to the steady heavens, where the stars never stray.  
The sun and moon take turns, and each to each gives  
place;

Else were e'en their wide house but a too narrow space.  
When thy weak heart is tossed with passion's fiery gust,  
Say to it, "Knowest thou how soon thou shalt be dust?"  
Say to thy foe, "Is death not common to us twain?"  
Come, then, death-kinsman mine, and we'll be friends  
again."

Much rather than the spots upon the sun's broad light,  
Would love spy out the stars, scarce twinkling through  
the night.

Thou none the better art for seeking what to blame,  
And ne'er wilt famous be by blasting others' fame.  
The name alone remains when all beside is reft;  
O, leave, then, to the dead that little which is left.  
Repentance can avail from God's rebuke to save;  
But men will ne'er forget thine errors in thy grave.  
Be good, and fear for nought that slanderous speech  
endangers;

Who bears no sin himself affords to bear a stranger's.  
Say to thy pride, "'Tis all but ashes for the urn;  
Come, let us own our dust, before to dust we turn."  
Be yielding to thy foe, and peace shall he yield back;  
But yield not to thyself, and thou'rt on victory's track  
Who is thy deadliest foe? — An evil heart's desire,  
That hates thee still the worse, as thy weak love  
mounts higher.

Know'st thou where neither lords nor wretched serfs  
appear?

Where one the other serves, for each to each is dear.  
Thou'lt ne'er arrive at love, while still to life thou'lt  
cling;

I'm found but at the cost of thy self-offering.

According as thou wouldst receive, thou must impart;  
Must wholly give a life, to wholly have a heart.

Till thought of thine own worth far buried from thee lies,  
How know I that indeed *my* worth's before thine eyes?  
What more says he that speaks, than he that holds his  
peace?

Yet woe betide the heart that from thy praise can cease.



Say I, "In thee I am"? — say I, "Thou art in me"? —  
Thou art what in me is; — what I am is through thee.  
O sun, I am thy beam; O rose, I am thy scent;  
I am thy drop, O sea; thy breath, O firmament.  
Unmeasured mystery! what not the heavens contain  
Will here be held in this small heart and narrow brain.  
Of that tree I'm a leaf, which ever new doth sprout;  
Hail me! my stock remains though winds toss me  
about.

Destruction blows on thee, while thou *alone* dost stay:  
O feel thee in that whole, which ne'er shall pass away.  
How great soe'er thyself, thou'rt nought before the All;  
But, as a member there, important, though most small.  
The little bee to fight doth like a champion spur,  
Because, not for herself, she feels her tribe in her;  
Because so sweet her work, so sharp must be her sting;  
The earth hath no delight unscourged by suffering.  
From the same flower she sucks both food and poison up;  
For death doth lurk alway in life's delicious cup.  
The mulberry-leaf must bear the biting of a worm,  
That so it may be raised to wear its silken form.  
See! how along the ground the ant-hosts blindly  
throng!

Yet no more than the choirs of stars can these go wrong.  
Toward setting sun the lark floats on in jubilee;  
Frisking in light the gnat to himself makes melody.  
Sundown — the lark's note melts into the air of even;  
To earth she falls not back; her grave is in the heaven.  
When twilight fades, steal forth the constellations bright;  
Below, 'tis day that lives — in upper air, the night.  
The powerful sun to earth the fainting spirit beats,  
Which mounts again on night's sweet breath of violets.

Through heaven, the live-long night, I'm floating in my  
dreams,

And, when aroused, my room a scanty limit seems.

Wake up! the sun presents an image in his rays,

How man can shine at morn to his Creator's praise.

\* \* \*

The flowers will tell to thee a sacred, mystic story,  
How moistened earthy dust can wear celestial glory.

On thousand stems is found the love-inscription graven,  
"How beautiful is earth when it can image heaven!"

Would'st thou first pause to thank thy God for every  
pleasure,

For mourning over griefs thou wouldst not find the  
leisure.

O heart, but try it once; 'tis easy good to *be*,

But to *appear* so, such a strain and misery!

Who hath his day's work done, may rest him as he will;

O, urge thyself, then, quick, thy day's work to fulfil.

Of what each one should be, he sees the form and rule,

And, till he reach to that, his joy can ne'er be full.

O, pray for life: thou feel'st that, with those faults of  
thine,

Thou art not ready yet with sons of God to shine.

From the sun's might away may the calm planet rove?

How easy, then, for man to wander from God's love!

Yet from each circle's point to the centre lies a track;

And there's a way to God from furthest error back.

Whoso mistakes me now, but spurs me on to make

My life so speak, henceforth, that no one *can* mistake.

And though, throughout the world, the good I nowhere  
find,

I still believe in it, for its image in my mind.

The heart that loves somewhat is not abandoned yet;  
The smallest fibre serves some root in God to set.

\* \* \*

Because she bears the pearl, *that* makes the shell-fish  
sore :

Be thankful for the grief that but exalts thee more.  
The sweetest fruit grows not when the tree's sap is full ;  
The spirit is not ripe, till meaner powers grow dull.  
Spring weaves a spell of odors, colors, sounds ;  
Come, autumn, free the soul from these enchanted  
bounds.

My tree was thick with shade ; O blast, thine office do,  
And strip the foliage off, to let the heaven shine  
through.

They're wholly blown away, bright blossoms and green  
leaves ; —

They're brought home to the barn, all colorless, the  
sheaves.

\* \* \*

N. L. F.

A GAZELLE.<sup>1</sup>

NIGHTINGALES of spring were singing, how long already!

And roses in the fields were springing, how long already!

The ruddy Morn her bloody banners, every new day,  
Anew across the earth was flinging, how long already!

Stars within the concave heaven, and sun and moon,  
Before men's eyes their course were winging, how long already!

And to men's eyes, as to the flowers, has passing time  
Their opening and their close been bringing, how long already!

And to the hearts of men, as life swelled them with  
breath,

Came hope's delight and sorrow's stinging, how long already!

And fame and lordship — soapy bubbles in the sun's  
blaze —

Were rounding bright, — asunder springing, — how long already!

And over earth's and heaven's limits, nobly aloft,  
The spirit's boundless wish was swinging, how long already!

The soul, that through the soul of beauty hopes to be  
free,

<sup>1</sup> See Note L.

Feels low joys lording it, and kinging, how long already!

A beam from heaven has smitten me, dimming the shine  
Of all the world's poor spangle-stringing, how long already!

Lost to the echo is the forum's noise in this breast,  
Where thine all-silent words were ringing, how long already!

No lure for me have fortune's nets upon life's road;  
I rest among thine elf-locks clinging, how long already!

N. L. F.

## THE DYING FLOWER.

HOPE! thou yet shalt live to see  
Vernal sun and vernal air;  
Such the hope of every tree  
Stripped by autumn's tempests bare.  
Hidden in their quiet strength,  
Winter-long their germs repose,  
Till the sap starts fresh at length,  
And the new-born verdure grows.

“ Ah! no mighty tree am I,  
That a thousand summers lives,  
And, its winter dream gone by,  
Spring-like green and gladness gives.  
I am but an humble flower  
Wakened by the kiss of May;  
There is left no trace of power,  
As, shrouded white, I drop away.”

Since thou, then, a floweret art,  
Modest child, of gentle kin,  
Hear thou this, and so take heart: —  
Every plant has seed within.  
Be it that the wind of death  
Scatters thee with blast and cold,  
Still thou'lt breathe in others' breath,  
Thus renewed a hundred fold.

“ Yes, as I shall but have been,  
Others like me soon shall be ;  
Endless is the general green, —  
Single leaves die presently.  
Be they all I used to show ;  
I can be myself no more ;  
All my being lives in now,  
Nought behind and nought before.

“ Though the sun, that warms me yet,  
Dart through them his glances bright,  
That soothes not the fate that's set,  
Dooming me to endless night.  
Sun, already them that follow  
Follow'st thou with glowing eye ;  
Mock me not with that dim, hollow,  
Frosty glance from clouded sky.

“ Woe's me, that I felt thy blaze  
Kindling me to my short day !  
That I met thy ardent gaze  
Till it stole my life away !  
What of that poor life remains  
From thy pity I'll withhold ;  
I'll avoid thee, and my pains  
Close in my closed self upfold.

“ Yet these icy thoughts relent,  
Melted by thee to a tear ; —  
Take, O take my breath that's spent,  
Everlasting, to thy sphere.



Yes, thou sunnest all the sorrow  
Out from my dark heart at last ;  
Dying, all I had to borrow  
I thank thee for ; — now all is past.

“ For every gentle note of spring ;  
Each summer’s gale I trembled to ;  
Each golden insect’s dancing wing,  
That gayly round my leaflets flew ;  
For eyes that sparkled at my hues ;  
For hearts that blessed my fragrancy,  
Made but of tints and odorous dews, —  
Maker, I still give thanks to thee.

“ Of thy world an ornament,  
Though a trifling and a poor,  
I to grace the fields was sent,  
As stars bedeck the higher floor.  
One gasp have I left me still,  
And no sigh shall that be found ;  
One look yet to heaven’s high hill,  
And the beauteous world around.

“ Let me towards thee pour my soul,  
Fire-heart of this lower sphere ;  
Heaven, thine azure tent unroll ; —  
Mine, once green, hangs wrinkled here.  
Hail, O Spring, thy beaming eye !  
Hail, O Morn, thy wooing breath !  
Without complaint in death I lie,  
If without hope to rise from death.”



## THE SUN AND THE BROOK.

THE Sun he spoke  
To the Meadow-Brook,  
And said, "I sorely blame you;  
Through every nook  
The wild-flower folk  
You hunt, as nought could shame you.  
What but the light  
Makes them so bright, —  
The light from *me* they borrow?  
Yet me you slight,  
To get a sight  
At them, and I must sorrow!  
Ah! pity take  
On me, and make  
Your smooth breast stiller, clearer;  
And, as I wake  
In the blue sky-lake,  
Be thou, O Brook, my mirror!"

The Brook flowed on,  
And said anon, —  
"Good Sun, it should not grieve you  
That, as I run,  
I gaze upon  
The motley flowers, and leave you.

*You* are so great  
In your heavenly state,  
And they so unpretending,  
On you they wait,  
And only get  
The graces of your lending.  
But when the sea  
Receiveth me,  
From them I must me sever;  
I then shall be  
A glass to thee,  
Reflecting thee forever."

J. S. D.

## SONG.

OF songs I know a-many,  
And sing what listeth me:  
'Tis a sweet way as any  
To have variety.  
But one song I heard lately,  
I long to know so greatly,  
I'd give a hundred willingly.

Of late I saw a shepherd,  
The grassy vale adown,  
Where the merry brooklets capered  
All in the summer sun,  
Under a beech-tree laying,  
Lost in a sweet dream, playing  
His tune a slender reed upon.

That tune, 'twould first go upward  
A dozen notes or so,  
And then it would go downward,  
Then o'er again once mo'.  
That song to him was heaven;  
I gladly would have given  
All mine that song of his to know.

Then once he would play through it,  
And then he'd look away ;  
Then took't again and blew it ; —  
I saw him as he lay.  
He played there little heeding  
His quiet lambkins, feeding ;  
And slowly flew the summer day.

J. S. D.

KLOPSTOCK.



# KLOPSTOCK.<sup>1</sup>

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## THE TWO MUSES.

I SAW — O, tell me, saw I what now takes place ?  
Beheld I the future ? — I saw the muse of Germany,  
Side by side with her of Britain,  
Fly with hot speed to the goals of coronation.

Two goals, dimly gleaming, far as the eye could reach,  
Bounded the race-ground. O'er one, in majesty,  
Oaks cast their shadows ; near the other  
Palm-trees were waving in evening splendors.

At home in contest, stepped she of Albion  
Out on the arena, — proudly as when, of old,  
So matched with Grecian muse and Roman,  
She trod the hot sand for the prize of glory.

There stood the youthful, trembling combatant ;  
With manly emotion she trembled, and fiery,  
Flaming blushes, victory's omens,  
Streamed o'er her cheek, and her golden hair flew.

<sup>1</sup> See Note M.

E'en now, with labor, fast in her heaving breast  
She holds the breath down; bent on the goal she hangs;  
She seems to see the herald's trumpet  
Rise to his lips, — and her drunken eye swims.

Proud of her rival, prouder of herself, then  
Spake the lofty Britoness, and measured, with noble mien,  
Thee, Thuiscona. "Yes, by the Bards, I  
Grew up with thee in the ancient oak-grove.

"But Fame had told me, thou wert not living now.  
O muse, forgive me, if thou immortal art,  
Forgive, that now so late I learn it;  
But at the goal must it yet be taught me!

"Lo, there it stands! But mark'st thou the crownéd one  
Go far beyond it? Maiden, this proud reserve —  
This self-command — this glance of fire  
Downward to earth cast — I know its meaning.

"Yet weigh, one moment, ere, big with danger, sounds  
Yon herald's trumpet! Was it not I, who once  
Measured the ground with her of Thermopylæ,  
And with the famed of the seven hills, too?"

She spake. The herald drew nearer, and with him  
came

Swift the decisive moment. — "I love thee!"  
With flaming look quick spake Teutona;  
"Britoness, yea, I do wildly love thee;



“ Yet more, far more — I love immortality  
And yonder palms ! Then touch, if thy genius  
So wills it, touch them first ; yet the moment  
When thou shalt seize it, the crown is mine too.

“ And, O, how I tremble ! O ye immortals,  
Haply I *may* reach the proud goal before thee.  
Then, O then may I feel thy hot breath  
Stir my loose locks as thou pantest after.”

The trumpet rang. They flew as on eagles' wings.  
Far along the race-ground boiled up the clouds of dust.  
I looked : beyond the oak yet thicker  
Rolled the dark mass, and my eye had lost them.

## TO YOUNG.

DIE, prophetic old man, die ! for thy branch of palm  
Long hath budded and bloomed ; long has the tear of joy  
    Stood in eyes of immortals,  
    Waiting, trembling to welcome thee.

Still thou tarriest ? and hast up to the clouds, e'en now,  
Thine own monument reared ! For the freethinker sits  
    Pensive, solemnly watching  
    Those night-hours with thee, and feels

That thy deep-rolling song, bodeful of coming doom,  
Sings prophetic to him, — feels all that Wisdom means,  
    When she speaks of the judgment,  
    And the trump that shall wake the dead.

Die ! thou hast taught me to know, e'en the dread name  
    of Death  
Like a jubilee-song sounds in a just man's mouth ;  
    But still be thou my teacher ;  
    Die, and ever my eenius be !

HERMANN AND THUSNELDA.<sup>1</sup>

HA ! there comes he, with sweat, with blood of Romans,  
And with dust of the fight all stained ! O never  
Saw I Hermann so lovely !  
Never such fire in his eyes !

Come ! I tremble for joy ; hand me the Eagle,  
And the red, dripping sword ! come, breathe, and rest  
thee ;  
Rest thee here in my bosom ;  
Rest from the terrible fight !

Rest thee, while from thy brow I wipe the big drops,  
And the blood from thy cheek !—that cheek, how  
glowing !  
Hermann ! Hermann ! Thusnelda  
Never so loved thee before !

No, not then, when thou first, in old oak-shadows,  
With that manly brown arm didst wildly grasp me !  
Spell-bound I read in thy look  
That immortality, then,

Which thou now hast won. Tell to the forests,  
Great Augustus, with trembling, amidst his gods now,  
Drinks his nectar ; for Hermann,  
Hermann immortal is found !

<sup>1</sup> See Note N.

“Wherefore curl’st thou my hair? Lies not our father  
Cold and silent in death? O, had Augustus

Only headed his army, —

*He* should lie bloodier there!”

Let me lift up thy hair; ’tis sinking, Hermann;

Proudly thy locks should curl above the crown now!

Sigmar is with the immortals!

Follow, and mourn him no more!

A. L. FOLLEN.



## A. L. FOLLEN.

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### ARNOLD STRUTHAN OF WINKELRIED.<sup>1</sup>

IN the host of Unterwalden a hero-child I see,  
High-towering o'er the mightiest of them that mighty be;  
Majestic as God's angel on Eden's lawns of old,  
He stands in lonely grandeur, almost dreadful to behold.

He leans upon his lance, as if the fight to him were  
nought;  
He gazes on the mountains, he sees old times in  
thought,  
When Ranz des Vaches resounded, — no battle-trum-  
pet's cry, —  
And the fathers dwelt so peacefully, — till foreign pride  
swelled high!

To the mansion of his fathers his yearning spirit flees,  
Where, circled by her little ones, his gentle wife he  
sees;  
With tearful eyes and heavy heart she lifts her thoughts  
above,  
And prays for him whom she in God so fervently doth  
love.

<sup>1</sup> See Note O.

He looks through sparks and dust-clouds o'er all the  
battle-field ;

He sees how naked valor to arméd skill doth yield ;

And now he sees no longer — thick mists his sight o'er-  
spread,

As when in clouds a mountain, at evening, hides its  
head.

Ah, deeply was this Swiss-man by pangs of love dis-  
tressed ;

But what the mighty soul resolved within that swelling  
breast,

No earthly tongue e'er chanted, no heart had dreamed  
the deed, —

For this man's name is *Arnold Struthan of Winkelried!*

'Twas his forefather Struthan, the famed, whose dar-  
ing hand

The dragon slew, the terror and torment of the land ;

What none had dared beside him, in true, chivalric  
mood,

He dared and did for herdsman's sake and for the peas-  
ant's good.

Another of his fathers on Rütli's meadow swore,

What time, above the lonely lake, on that green temple-  
floor,

In pure, angelic beauty, one holy moon-lit night,

The imperishable Forget-me-not of Switzerland saw  
light.



Sir Arnold loosed the armor that closely bound his  
breast ;

He stood in light steel panoply arrayed from sole to  
crest :

Down rang the heavy armor a-clattering on the field,  
And over his shoulders the hero threw his mighty  
dragon-shield.

\* \* \* \* \*

But Arnold's heart was fearless ; with thunder-voice  
cries he,

“ Now, courage, yemy comrades ! look steadfastly on me !  
Think of my wife and children ; I'll make a lane for  
you ! ”

Then springs upon the foe, like him who erst the  
dragon slew.

Then seemed the hero's form to grow and swell to giant  
size,

And, as it swells and towers, the sparks dart dreadful  
from his eyes ;

One leap—the dragon-killer's child full in the foe's  
face sprang,

And, trembling to the hero's tread, for joy the old Swiss  
earth rang.

Then hung upon that giant the two eyeballs of the fight ;  
Then seemed his kindling glances like lightning-shafts  
to smite ;

So flashed of old the fires which God, with cloudy frown,  
On Sodom and Gomorrah from his battlements shot  
down.

Now, with the might of Samson, his long arms spreading,  
see,  
He clasps the bristling lances of Austria's chivalry;  
He hugs of deaths an armful — O love, that lov'st  
death's pains!  
Home to his mighty bosom all the naked points he  
strains.

Down through the ranks he crashes, a giant Alpine  
rock,  
And the forests of the battle are crushed beneath the  
shock:  
Thy Arnold falls; O Unterwald, thine is a mother's  
wail;  
Yet, Austria, wilder quakes thy heart beneath its iron  
mail.

A moment of amazement; — the battle-thunders die; —  
Then, with one mouth, the whole Swiss host upshouted,  
“ Victory! ”

Down from above a glittering flood of weapons pours  
again:  
“ On, on! o'er Arnold's bridge, now! on, on through  
Struthan's lane! ”

And o'er the neck of Arnold on, like a whirlwind's  
blast,  
Through that wide gap, the battle-storm of Switzerland  
has passed;  
And over Arnold's body wild rolls the battle-stream,  
And Austria's wall of iron bursts in every band and  
seam.

There lay the mighty hero, like the misty bridge that  
lies  
Across the billowy chasm ; the blinding spray-clouds  
rise ;  
It thunders from below ; the arch quakes threateningly ;  
Yet the bridge bears thee safely over to lovely Italy.

Alas, that the glorious rainbow, which bids the storm-  
war cease,  
Before heaven's mild, blue, laughing eye beams brightly  
forth in peace,  
When our eyes have scarcely read its lines of promise  
in the sky,  
With all its fair and holy hues, must fade away and die !

## PATRIOTIC SONG.

SONS of the Father-land, comrades undaunted,  
O, how my heart with love's longing hath panted,  
    Since the true-knot of our union we wove!  
    Hail to thee, hail, O my öld oak-grove!  
Lovest thou Hermann, the savior and sire?  
    Lov'st thou the archers of Schwytz and Tyröl,  
Hofer and Tell, and that whirlwind of fire,  
    Luther, old Popedom's Elias, — my soul?  
And *him*, who, crowned with thorns and bleeding,  
    Tuned his harp and so sweetly sang?  
On the wing of the trumpet's glad blast he ascended;  
But the story of Körner the oak-forests rended,  
    When Northland's roaring organ-clang  
        Storm-like rang,  
        Proudly, lovingly rang!

Saw ye the rose in her loneliness glowing?  
Ah, before Freedom's warm spring-breeze was blowing,  
    Thy land's disgrace smote thee like autumn-wind wild,  
    Faithful Louisa, Thusnelda's child!  
Yet, ere the grave-song is silent, — up-springing,  
    The souls of the fathers have burst the tomb's chain.  
Ha! how the trumpets of Hermann are ringing!  
    The people are wielding the sceptre again!  
O golden, glowing, kindling hours

When Faith and Freedom went hand in hand !  
Wild in the powder-smoke trembled the scale : then  
Rang the loud pæan ; hushed was the wail then ;  
High as heaven flashed Liberty's brand !  
    Flashed — and died,  
    O Father-land !

Sons of the Father-land, partners in doom,  
The fathers are silent again in the tomb ;  
    Wailings are heard again ; pæans are o'er ;  
    The bright sun is shrouded in blackness once more.  
But in our veins youth's warm tide is still streaming,  
    Fresh and strong as the roaring Rhine ;  
See on the mast virtue's palm-garland gleaming !  
    On, brothers, on, for your cause is divine ! —  
Yes, till the dams of hell fly asunder,  
    We'll thunder along with a torrent-like might !  
Firm as the oaks in old Teutoburg's woods,  
Where the two-headed eagles are nursing their broods,  
    Stand shoulder to shoulder : the storm's at its height !  
    Come forth from night,  
    O Hermann's fight !



ARNDT.





# ARNDT.

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## THE GERMAN'S FATHER-LAND.

Where is the German's Father-land?  
Is Prussia — Swabia that blest land?  
Is't where, by the Rhine, the rich grape glows?  
Where Moevé to the Baltic flows?  
O, no! O, no! O, no! O, no!  
Far wider bounds his land shall show.

Where is the German's Father-land?  
Is it Bavarian — Styrian land?  
Is't where the Marsh-men drive their kine?  
Is't where the Markers' lances shine?  
O, no! O, no! &c.

Where is the German's Father-land?  
Westphalian — Pomeranian land?  
Is't on the Downs, 'mid sandy heaps?  
Is't where the sounding Danube sweeps?  
O, no! O, no! &c.

Where is the German's Father-land?  
Come, name to me the mighty land.  
Is't where the free-born Switzers dwell?  
The land and people please me well.  
Yet no! O, no! &c.

Where is the German's Father-land ?  
Come, name to me the mighty land.  
Sure Austria is its honored name —  
A country rich in martial fame.  
Yet no ! O, no ! &c.

Where is the German's Father-land ?  
Come, name to me the mighty land.  
Is't what the Frenchman's treachery gains —  
Steals from the emperor's wide domains ?  
O, no ! O, no ! &c.

Where is the German's Father-land ?  
Now, then, at length, name me the land.  
“ Where'er resounds the German tongue,  
And German hymns to God are sung ; ”  
There it must be, there it must be !  
Brave German, there thy country see !

There is the German's Father-land,  
Where, as an oath, they press the hand ;  
Where Truth sits sparkling in the eye,  
And every heart with love beats high ;  
There it must be, &c.

There is the German's Father-land,  
Where foreign tricks with scorn they brand ;  
Where every knave a foe they call,  
And each true man a friend to all ;  
There it must be, there it must be,  
The whole — the whole of Germany.

The whole, wide German land — O God,  
Look down from thy serene abode,  
Wake in each heart true German fire,  
With patriot-zeal each soul inspire,  
    That ours may be — for ours must be —  
    The whole, the whole of Germany.



HERDER.



# HERDER.

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## THE ORGAN.

O, TELL me who contrived this wondrous frame,  
Full of the voices of all living things, —  
This temple, which, by God's own breath inspired,  
So boldly blends the heart-appalling groan  
Of wailing *Misereres* with the soft  
Tones of the plaintive flute, and cymbal's clang,  
And roar of jubilee, and hautboy's scream,  
With martial clarion's blast, and with the call  
Of the loud-sounding trump of victory.

From lightest shepherd's reed the strain ascends  
To tymbal's thunder and the awakening trump  
Of judgment. Graves are opening! Hark, the dead  
Are stirring!

How the tones hang hovering now  
On all creation's mighty, outspread wings,  
Expectant, and the breezes murmur! Hark!  
Jehovah comes! He comes! His thunder speaks!

In the soft-breathing, animated tone  
Of human words speaks the All-merciful

At length; the trembling heart responds to him;  
 Till, now, all voices and all souls at once  
 Ascend to heaven, upon the clouds repose —  
*One Hallelujah! — Bow, bow down in prayer!*

Apollo tuned the light guitar; the son  
 Of Maia strung the lyre; mighty Pan  
 Hollowed the flute. Who was this mightiest Pan,  
 That blent the breath of all creation here?

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Cecilia, noblest of the Roman maids,  
 Disdained the music of the feeble strings,  
 Praying within her heart, “O that I might  
 But hear the song of praise, the which, of old,  
 Those holy three<sup>1</sup> sang in the glowing flames, —  
*The song of the creation!*”

Then there came

An angel who had oft appeared to her  
 In prayer, and touched her ear. Entranced, she heard  
 Creation's song. Stars, sun and moon, and all  
 Heaven's host, and light and darkness, day and night,  
 The rolling seasons, wind and frost and storm,  
 And dew and rain, hoar-frost and ice and snow,  
 Mountain and valley in their spring attire,  
 And fountains, streams and seas, and rock and wood,  
 And all the birds of heaven and tribes of earth,  
 And every thing that hath breath, praised the Lord,  
 The holy and the merciful.

She sank

In adoration: “Now, O angel, might I  
 But hear an echo of this song!”

<sup>1</sup> Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.



With speed

He sought the artist whom Bezaleel's  
Devoted soul inspired ; in his hand  
He placed the measure and the number. Soon  
Uprose an edifice of harmonies.  
The *Gloria* of angels rang ; with one  
According voice, great Christendom intoned  
Her lofty *Credo*, blessed bond of souls.

And when, at holy sacrament, the chant,  
"He comes ! Blessed be he who cometh !" rang,  
The spirits of the saints came down from heaven,  
And took the offering in devotion. Earth  
And heaven became a choir ; the reprobate  
Shook, at the temple's door, and seemed to hear  
The trump whose clang proclaimed the day of wrath. —

With all the Christian hearts Cecilia  
Rejoiced, for she had found what every heart  
Seeks with strong yearning in the hour of prayer, —  
Union of spirits — Christian unity.

"How shall I name," said she, "this many-armed  
River which seizes us and bears us on  
To the wide sea of the eternities ?"  
"Call it," the angel said, "what thou didst wish ;  
Call it the ORGAN of the mighty soul,  
Which sleeps in all, which stirs all nations' hearts,  
Which yearns to intone the everlasting song  
Of universal nature, and to find  
In richest labyrinth of hearts and sounds  
Devotion's richest, fullest harmony."



RICHTER.



# RICHTER.<sup>1</sup>

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A SCENE IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

FROM THE PROSE OF "TITAN."

FAR in the north, behind the Orcades,  
The setting sun a twilight glimmer shed,  
Eastward afar the coasts of men were seen  
Dim, shadowy, and spectral; like a still,  
Broad land of spirits lay the vacant sea  
Beneath the empty heavens; — here and there  
Perchance a vessel skimmed the watery waste,  
Like a white-winged sea-bird; but it moved  
Too pale and small beneath the veil of space.  
Sublime and awful solitude! the heart,  
As it broods over thee, beats fast, and feels  
Ennobled! — Thou, too, goest forth, pale sun;  
Like a white angel, goest down to visit  
The silent, ice-walled cloister of the pole,  
And, drawing after thee thy bridal garment,  
That floats in gold upon the weltering wave,  
Veilest thyself around! Where art thou now,  
Pale one in rosy robes? Wilt glimmer forth  
Again into a warm and glowing eye

<sup>1</sup> See Note P.

Among the ice-fields? — Standing here, I gaze  
Down on the dreary winter of the world.  
How dumb and endless is it down below !  
The almighty, outstretched giant stirs himself  
In all his thousand limbs, and wrinkles up,  
And nothing remains great before him, save  
His Father, the great Heaven ! — Mighty Son !  
Wilt lead me to the Father, when, at last,  
I come to thee ? ———

Lo, what a gorgeous spectacle ! Aurora  
Upon the ruddy evening twilight glows,  
With fast increasing light. What can it be  
That rends away so suddenly the dark  
Shroud of the watery Orcus ? How the shores  
Of men like golden morning blaze ! O, art thou  
Already come to us again, thou fair,  
Majestic Sun, so young and rosy-red ?  
And wilt thou journey kindly yet once more  
A long day's journey o'er the fields of men ? —  
Glow upward, then, immortal one ! — I stand  
Yet cold and pale on my horizon : soon  
I must go down to the dark realms of ice.  
But shall I, too, like him, O God, arise  
More warm and bright again, to journey through  
A long, bright day in thy eternity ?

PFEFFEL.





## P F E F F E L .

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### THE NOBLEMAN AND THE PENSIONER.

“OLD man, God bless you! does your pipe taste sweetly?  
A beauty, by my soul!  
A red clay flower-pot, rimmed with gold so neatly!  
What ask you for the bowl?”

“O sir, that bowl for worlds I would not part with;  
A brave man gave it me,  
Who won it — now what think you? — of a bashaw  
At Belgrade’s victory.

“There, sir, ah! there was booty worth the showing —  
Long life to Prince Eugene!  
Like after-grass you might have seen us mowing  
The Turkish ranks down clean.”

“Another time I’ll hear your story; —  
Come, old man, be no fool;  
Take these two ducats, — gold for glory, —  
And let me have the bowl!”

“I’m a poor churl, as you may say, sir;  
My pension’s all I’m worth:

Yet I'd not give that bowl away, sir,  
For all the gold on earth.

"Just hear now! Once, as we hussars, all merry,  
Hard on the foe's rear pressed,  
A blundering rascal of a janizary  
Shot through our captain's breast.

"At once across my horse I hove him, —  
The same would he have done, —  
And from the smoke and tumult drove him  
Safe to a nobleman.

"I nursed him, and, before his end, bequeathing  
His money and this bowl  
To me, he pressed my hand, just ceased his breathing,  
And so he died, brave soul!

"The money thou must give mine host — so thought I —  
Three plunderings suffered he:  
And, in remembrance of my old friend, brought I  
The pipe away with me.

"Henceforth in all campaigns with me I bore it,  
In flight or in pursuit;  
It was a holy thing, sir, and I wore it  
Safe-sheltered in my boot.

"This very limb, I lost it by a shot, sir,  
Under the walls of Prague:  
First at my precious pipe, be sure, I caught, sir,  
And then picked up my leg."

“ You move me even to tears, old sire :

What was the brave man's name ?

Tell me, that I, too, may admire,

And venerate his fame.”

“ They called him only the brave Walter ;

His farm lay near the Rhine.” —

“ God bless your old eyes ! 'twas my father,

And that same farm is mine.

“ Come, friend, you've seen some stormy weather ;

With me is now your bed ;

We'll drink of Walter's grapes together,

And eat of Walter's bread.”

“ Now — done ! I march in, then, to-morrow ;

You're his true heir, I see ;

And when I die, your thanks, kind master,

The Turkish pipe shall be.”

## THE SWAN.

SEE how majestic, o'er the lake,  
The kingly swan sails by !  
Free as the soul arrayed in robes  
Of spotless purity.

Beneath him oft the abysses sound ;  
In vain they roar and rave :  
Scorning their rage, he sails, and smile-  
E'en on the yawning grave.

Thus freely, fearlessly he rides  
Life's joyous hours along ;  
At evening dies, and his last breath  
Is a triumphal song.

O thou whose power hath made us both,  
Let him my image be !  
Thus may my soul be ever clad  
In snow-white purity !

O, keep me pure, till thou shalt end  
These few and fleeting days !  
'Then may my last, faint, quivering tones  
A hallelujah raise !

## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

A YOUTH, by chance, one day, o'er Plato poring,  
About a music of the spheres had read.

"Ha! I must hear it," to himself he said,  
And straightway fell upon his knees, imploring  
Great Jupiter his wishes to fulfil.  
"Rash boy," said Jove, "thou canst not have thy will;  
The heavenly concert of the spheres  
Is not for mortal ears." —

He ceased not still to tease the god,  
Till Zeus at last no more could bear it,  
And so resolved to let him hear it.

Accordingly he gives the nod:  
The youth hears suddenly through all the skies —  
And what? — a frightful din and discord rise.

A thousand-voicéd song  
Sweeping on Desolation's wings along,  
With all the thunders ever hurled  
By hand of Vengeance on the world,  
Were but the buzzing of a bee  
To this tempestuous round of melody.

"O Zeus, what is it rends my ears?"

The youth exclaims, all stiff and pale;

"Is that the music of the spheres?"

So bellowed never hungry hell!

Ha, wouldst thou only strike me deaf,  
Thou frightful god, 'twere some relief."  
Jove from a cloud calls down in turn,  
" *Men are not gods*, thou here canst learn ;  
'Tis dreadful discord to *thy* ears,  
To mine — the music of the spheres."

STOLBERG.





# STOLBERG.

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## TO THE SEA.

THOU boundless, shining, glorious sea,  
With ecstasy I gaze on thee ;  
Joy, joy to him whose early beam  
Kisses thy lip, bright ocean-stream.

Thanks for the thousand hours, old sea,  
Of sweet communion held with thee ;  
Oft as I gazed, thy billowy roll  
Woke the deep feelings of my soul.

Drunk with the joy, thou deep-toned sea,  
My spirit swells to heaven with thee ;  
Or, sinking with thee, seeks the gloom  
Of nature's deep, mysterious tomb.

At evening, when the sun grows red,  
Descending to his watery bed,  
The music of thy murmuring deep  
Soothes e'en the weary earth to sleep.

Then listens thee the evening-star,  
So sweetly glancing from afar ;  
And Luna hears thee, when she breaks  
Her light in million-colored flakes.

Oft, when the noonday heat is o'er,  
I seek with joy the breezy shore,  
Sink on thy boundless, billowy breast,  
And cheer me with refreshing rest.

The poet, child of heavenly birth,  
Is suckled by the mother Earth;  
But thy blue bosom, holy sea,  
Cradles his infant fantasy.

The old blind minstrel on the shore  
Stood listening thy eternal roar,  
And golden ages, long gone by,  
Swept bright before his spirit's eye.

On wing of swan the holy flame  
Of melodies celestial came,  
And Iliad and Odyssey  
Rose to the music of the sea.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Note Q.

THE OLD SWABIAN WARRIOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS SON.

A SONG OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

SON, I give my spear to thee;  
'Tis too heavy, now, for me;  
Take the battle-sword and shield,  
Mount my steed, and forth to field.

See these whitened locks; the helm  
Fifty years hath covered them;  
Every year a fight hath made  
Blunt my battle-axe and blade.

Old Count Rudolph, for reward,  
Gave me axe, and spear, and sword;  
I had served the count alway,  
And despised Prince Henry's pay.

When, in Freedom's cause, the blood  
Failed his right arm, Rudolph stood,  
And the might of his left hand  
Did alone the Franks withstand.

Gird thee now to meet the fray;  
Conrad comes in stern array.  
O my son, thy arm must be  
Strength and solace now to me.

Never draw this sword in vain  
For thy sires on battle-plain;  
Watch and dart with eagle's might;  
Be a thunderbolt in fight.

Seek the battle's heaviest shock,  
Meet it firm as ocean-rock;  
Spare the suppliant, lying low;  
Hew in twain the stubborn foe.

When thy banner floats in vain  
O'er thy faint and staggering train,  
Then do thou, a steadfast tower,  
Brave the gathered foemen's power.

By the sword thy brothers died, —  
Seven sons, — their country's pride.  
Sunk in grief, thy mother lay  
Dumb and stiff, and passed away.

I am feeble now, and lone;  
Yet would thy disgrace, my son,  
On thy father's heart-strings fall  
Seven times heavier than all.

Fear not, then, though death be nigh;  
On thy God in faith rely;  
So thou bravely fight, my boy,  
Thy old father dies with joy.

## THE WIFE.

HAPPY he to whom kind Heaven,  
Rich in grace, a wife hath given,  
Virtuous, wise, and formed for love,  
Gentle, guileless as a dove.

Let him thank his God for this  
Pure, o'erflowing cup of bliss;  
Pain may never linger near,  
With such friend to soothe and cheer.

She, like moonlight, mild and fair,  
Smiles away each gloomy care,  
Kisses dry man's secret tears,  
And with flowers his pathway cheers.

When his boiling heart heaves high,  
Flashing fire from his eye, —  
When kind Friendship seeks in vain  
Passion's wild career to rein, —

Then *her* gentle step is near;  
Softly drops her soothing tear,  
As when evening dew comes down  
On the meadows, scorched and brown.

Some have sought their bliss in gold ;  
Some for fame their peace have sold ;  
Gold and glory in the hand  
Crumble like a ball of sand.

Heaven sends man the faithful wife ;  
Life without her is not life ;  
And when life is o'er, her love  
Gilds a brighter scene above.

CLAUDIUS.





# CLAUDIUS.

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## WINTER.

### A SONG TO BE SUNG BEHIND THE STOVE.

OLD Winter is the man for me —  
Stout-hearted, sound, and steady;  
Steel nerves and bones of brass hath he;  
Come snow, come blow, he's ready!

If ever man was well, 'tis he;  
He keeps no fire in his chamber,  
And yet from cold and cough is free  
In bitterest December.

He dresses him out-doors at morn,  
Nor needs he first to warm him;  
Toothache and rheumatis' he'll scorn,  
And colic don't alarm him.

In summer, when the woodland rings,  
He asks, "What mean these noises?" —  
Warm sounds he hates, and all warm things  
Most heartily despises.

But when the fox's bark is loud ;  
When the bright hearth is snapping ;  
When children round the chimney crowd,  
All shivering and clapping ; —

When stone and bone with frost do break,  
And pond and lake are cracking, —  
Then you may see his old sides shake,  
Such glee his frame is racking.

Near the north pole, upon the strand,  
He has an icy tower ;  
Likewise in lovely Switzerland  
He keeps a summer bower.

So up and down — now here — now there —  
His regiments<sup>1</sup> manœuvre ;  
When he goes by, we stand and stare,  
And cannot choose but shiver.

<sup>1</sup> See Note R.

## NIGHT-SONG.

THE moon is up, in splendor,  
And golden stars attend her ;  
    The heavens are calm and bright ;  
Trees cast a deepening shadow ;  
And slowly off the meadow  
    A mist is rising, silver-white.

Night's curtains now are closing  
Round half a world, reposing  
    In calm and holy trust ;  
All seems one vast, still chamber,  
Where weary hearts remember  
    No more the sorrows of the dust.



GLEIM.



# GLEIM.

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## THE INVITATION.

I HAVE a cottage by the hill ;  
It stands upon a meadow green ;  
Behind it flows a murmuring rill,  
Cool-rooted moss and flowers between.

Beside the cottage stands a tree,  
That flings its shadow o'er the eaves ;  
And scarce the sunshine visits me,  
Save when a light wind rifts the leaves.

A nightingale sings on a spray  
Through the sweet summer time night-long,  
And evening travellers, on their way,  
Linger to hear her plaintive song.

Thou maiden with the yellow hair,  
The winds of life are sharp and chill ;  
Wilt thou not seek a shelter there,  
In yon lone cottage by the hill ?

S. H. W.

WAR-SONG. <sup>1</sup>

FROM THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR, UNDER FREDERICK THE GREAT.

WAR is my song! Since all the world  
Will war, let war resound!  
Berlin be Sparta! Prussia's chief  
With fame and victory crowned!

I'll gladly take the lyre in hand  
His actions to extol,  
When, at the last, my bloody brand  
Hangs idly on the wall.

But now I raise the battle-song  
With his heroic clan,  
Where trump and drum ring loud and long  
'Mid shock of steed and man, —

And march, a valiant grenadier;  
While Frederick fires my soul,  
What care I, though about my ear  
The cannon-thunders roll?

I fall a hero; e'en in death  
Lift high my threatening brand,  
And, dying, win the immortal wreath,  
And save my Father-land.



But if such lot should ne'er be mine,  
Stern Mars, to die for thee,  
Nor in the starry tent to shine,  
Apollo, thine I'll be.

Behold, then, Frederick's grenadier,  
The glory of the state,  
The Horace of the German lyre,  
And poet laureate.

Then "God and Frederick!" be the cry —  
Proud song! — no meaner thing:  
Gaze on the sun with eagle's eye,  
And soar with eagle's wing.



G. P. SCHMIDT.



# SCHMIDT.

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## THE STRANGER'S EVENING-SONG.

I COME down from the mountain-height ;  
Calm vale and murmuring sea invite ;<sup>1</sup>  
I wander on in still despair,  
And every sigh seems asking, " Where ? "

The sun shines round me here so cold,  
The flowers look faded, life is old,  
And what they say is empty air ;  
I am a stranger every where.

Where art thou, O my promised land,  
Long-sought, far off, yet still at hand ;  
Bright land of hope, so green and fair,  
Land where my roses scent the air ; —

Where oft in dream my spirit flies,  
And where my slumbering dead arise ;  
The land that speaks my speech ; the land  
Where loved ones wait to grasp my hand !

<sup>1</sup> See Note S.

I wander on in still despair,  
And every sigh seems asking, "Where?"  
The whispering breeze breathes back a sound —  
"There, where thou art not, bliss is found!"

## MY NATIVE LAND.

## A FREE VERSION.

BEFORE all lands, in east or west,  
I love my native land the best ;  
    With God's best gifts 'tis teeming ;  
No gold nor jewels here are found,  
Yet men of noble soul abound,  
    And eyes of joy are gleaming.

Before all tongues, in east or west,  
I love my native tongue the best ;  
    Though not so smoothly spoken,  
Nor woven with Italian art,  
Yet when it speaks from heart to heart,  
    The word is never broken.

Before all people, east or west,  
I love my countrymen the best —  
    A race of noble spirit.  
A vigorous mind, a generous heart  
To virtue bound, yet free from art,  
    They from their sires inherit.

To east and west I reach my hand ;  
My *heart* I give my native land ;

I seek her good — her glory ;  
 I know every nation's name,  
 Respect their customs and their time,  
 But I love the land that bore me.



LANGBEIN.

— 420 —

# LANGBEIN.

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## THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

FULL many a poet, whose bones are now bleaching,  
That life is a journey, was often found preaching ;  
Yet none, that I know of, has named, to this day,  
The several stages that lie on the way.

And first, through the valley of childhood when gliding,  
We see no dark cares by the road-side lie hiding ;  
A beautiful mist overshadows the eye,  
And, gazing on flowers, " How lovely ! " we cry.

Our hearts they beat high as we come to the second,  
Now youngsters and maidens, whose thoughts are just  
    wakened ;  
Here Love mounts the box, and along with us rides ;  
Now sweet and now bitter the fare he provides.

And next we go jolting away in the carriage  
Along the rough roads of the country of marriage,  
Where oft sundry children, to vex us the more,  
Come crying for bread to the very stage door.

The last is more troublesome still than the others  
For tottering old men and decrepit old mothers :  
Here Death mounts the coach-box, and, seizing the rein,  
Drives wildly away over mountain and plain.

Sometimes this postilion is even seen driving,  
In his hurry, a traveller more youthful and thriving ;  
Yet he drives to the mansion of peace every one —  
Well, then, if it be so, good coachman, drive on.

## HABICH AND HÄTTICH;

OR,

## A BIRD IN THE HAND'S WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.

THERE are two little songsters well known in the land;  
Their names are *I-have* and *O-had-I*;  
*I-have* will come tamely and perch on your hand,  
But *O-had-I* will mock you most sadly.

*I-have*, at first sight, is less fair to the eye,  
But his worth is by far more enduring  
Than a thousand *O-had-I's*, that sit far and high  
On roofs and on trees, so alluring.

Full many a golden egg this bird will lay,  
And sing you, "Be cheery! be cheery!"  
O, merrily, then, will the day glide away,  
And sweet shall your sleep be, when weary.

But let an *O-had-I* once take your eye,  
And a longing to catch him once seize you, —  
He'll give you no comfort nor rest till you die;  
Life-long he'll torment you and tease you.

He'll keep you all day running up and down hill,  
Now racing, now panting and creeping;  
While far overhead, this sweet bird, at his will,  
With his golden plumage is sweeping.

Then every wise man, who attends to my song,  
Will count his *I-have* a choice treasure,  
And, whene'er an *O-had-I* comes flying along,  
Will just let him fly at his pleasure.

GELLERT.





# GELLERT.

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## THE WIDOW.

### A TALE.

DORINDA'S youthful spouse,  
Whom as herself she loved, and better, too, —  
“ Better ! ” — methinks I hear some caviller say,  
With scornful smile ; but let him smile away !  
A true thing is not therefore the less true,  
Let laughing cavillers do what they may.  
Suffice it, death snatched from Dorinda's arms —  
Too early snatched, in all his glowing charms —  
The best of husbands and the best of men ;  
And I can find no words — in vain my pen,  
Though dipped in briny tears, would fain portray,  
In lively colors, all the young wife felt,  
As o'er his couch in agony she knelt,  
And clasped the hand, and kissed the cheek, of clay.  
The priest, whose business 'twas to soothe her, came ;  
All friendship came — in vain ;  
The more they soothed, the more Dorinda cried.  
They had to drag her from the dead one's side.  
A ceaseless wringing of the hands  
Was all she did ; one piteous “ alas ! ”  
The only sound that from her lips did pass.

Full four-and-twenty hours thus she lay.  
Meanwhile, a neighbor o'er the way  
Had happened in, well skilled in carving wood.  
He saw Dorinda's melancholy mood,  
And, partly at her own request,  
Partly to show his reverence for the Blessed,  
And save his memory from untimely end,  
Resolved to carve in wood an image of his friend.  
Success the artist's cunning hand attended;  
With most amazing speed the work was ended;  
And there stood Stephen, large as life.  
A masterpiece soon makes its way to light;  
The folk ran up and screamed, so soon as Stephen  
met their sight,  
"Ah, Heavens! ah, there he is. Yes, yes, 'tis he!  
O happy artist! happy wife! -  
Look at the laughing features! Only see  
The open mouth, that seems as if 'twould speak!  
I never saw before, in all my life,  
Such nature — no, I vow, there could not be  
A truer likeness; so he looked to me,  
When he stood godfather last week."  
They brought the wooden spouse,  
That now alone the widow's heart could cheer,  
Up to the second story of the house,  
Where he and she had slept one blessed year.  
There in her chamber, having turned the key,  
She shut herself with him, and sought relief  
And comfort in the midst of bitter grief,  
And held herself as bound, if she would be  
Forever worthy of his memory,  
To weep away the remnant of her life.  
What more could one desire of a wife?

So sat Dorinda many weeks, heart-broken,  
And had not, my informant said,

In all that time to living creature spoken,  
Except her house-dog and her serving-maid.  
And this, after so many weeks of woe,

Was the first day that she had dared to glance  
Out of her window : and to-day, by chance,  
Just as she looked, a stranger stood below.  
Up in a twinkling came the house-maid running,  
And said, with look of sweetest, half-hid cunning,  
“ Madam, a gentleman would speak with you,  
A lovely gentleman as one would wish to view,  
Almost as lovely as your blessed one ;  
He has some business with you must be done —  
Business, he said, he could not trust with me.”

“ Must just make up some story, then,” said she ;

“ I cannot leave, one moment, my dear man ;

In short, go down and do the best you can ;  
Tell him I’m sick with sorrow ; for, ah me !  
It were no wonder —— ”

“ Madam, ’twill not do ;

He has already had a glimpse of you,  
Up at your window, as he stood below ;

You *must* come down ; now do, I pray.

The stranger will not thus be sent away.  
He’s something weighty to impart, I know.  
I *should* think, madam, you *might* go.”

A moment the young widow stands perplexed,  
Fluttering ’twixt memory and hope ; the next,  
Embracing, with a sudden glow,  
The image that so long had soothed her woe,  
She lets the stranger in. Who can it be ?  
A suitor ? Ask the maid : already she

Is listening at the key-hole; but her ear  
 Only Dirinda's plaintive tone can hear.  
 The afternoon slips by. What can it mean!  
 The stranger goes not yet, has not been seen  
 To leave the house. Perhaps he makes request —  
 Unheard-of boldness! — to remain, a guest!  
 Dirinda comes at length, and, sooth to say, alone. —

Where is the image, her dear, sad delight! —

"Mind," she begins, "say, what shall now be done!"

The gentleman will be my guest to-night  
 Go, instantly, and boil the pot of fish."

"Yes, madam, yes, with pleasure — as you wish."

Dirinda goes back to her room again.

The maid runs out the house to find a stick  
 Of wood to make a fire beneath the pot — in vain.

She cannot find a single one; then quick  
 She calls Dirinda out in agony.

"Ah, madam, hear the solemn truth," says she.

"There's not a stick of fish-wood in the house.

Suppose I take the image down and split it! That  
 Is good, hard wood, and to our purpose par."

"The image! No, indeed!" — But — well — yes, do!  
 What need you have been making all this noise!"

"But, my am, the image is too much for me;  
 I cannot lift it all alone, you see;

'T would go out of the window easily."

"A lucky thought! and that will split it for you, too.

The gentleman in future lives with me;

I may no longer nurse this misery."

Up went the sash, and out the blessed Stephen flew.

KERNER.



# KERNER.

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## THE RICHEST PRINCE.

IN a stately hall at Worms, one day,  
Sate German princes four.  
With many fair speeches counted they  
Their lands and treasures o'er.

And first the prince of Saxony  
Extolled his rich domain.  
“My mountains teem with silver,” said he,  
In many a deep, dark vein.”

“Behold my land’s luxuriance!” said  
The elector of the Rhine;  
“The valleys with golden grain o’erspread,  
On the mountains noble wine.”

“Great cities, rich cloisters, — all must agree,”  
Said Lewis, Bavaria’s lord, —  
“Are prouder treasures: then to me  
The palm ye must accord.”

Old Eberhardt, with beard of snow,  
Loved lord of Württemberg, said,  
“Few cities hath my land to show,  
No silver in mountain-bed.

“Yet *one* rare jewel it hides :— I may,  
Where woods are most deep and drear,  
In the lap of the lowliest subject lay  
My head, and feel no fear.”

Then out spake the lords of Saxony,  
Bavaria, and the Rhine :  
“Old count, we yield the palm to thee ;  
Thy land bears jewels divine !”



## EMIGRANT'S SONG.

ONCE more let it sparkle and gladden the heart !  
Adieu, loves and friendships ! and now we must part ;  
Farewell, then, ye mountains, ye scenes of my home ;  
A power resistless impels me to roam.

The sun, in the heavenly fields, knows no stay ;  
O'er land and o'er ocean he rides far away ;  
The waves linger not, as they roll on the sand,  
And the storms, in their fury, sweep over the land.

The bird on the light, fleecy cloud sails along,  
And sings in the distance his dear, native song ;  
Through woodland and pasture the youth must go forth,  
And roam like his mother, the wandering earth.

The birds he once knew in the fields of his home  
Come flying to greet him o'er ocean's white foam ;  
And the flowers of his childhood salute him once more,  
In the breezes that breathe from his far native shore.

The songsters of home still around him to charm,  
The flowers Love planted still breathing their balm,  
Early loves and old friendships still pressing his hand,  
His home is around him, though far be the land.

## A POET'S SOLACE.

WHEN I am dead, no eye of love  
May drop a tear upon my grave ;  
Yet weeping flowers shall bloom above,  
And sighing branches o'er me wave.

Though near the place where I shall lie  
The passing traveller linger not,  
Yet shall the quiet moon on high  
Look nightly down upon the spot.

In these green meadows, where I rove,  
By man I may forgotten be ;  
Yet the blue sky and silent grove  
Forever shall remember me.

MAHLMANN.



# MAHLMANN.

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## OLD FATHER MARTIN.

### I.

FULL six-and-eighty years had sped  
O'er Father Martin's honored head ;  
Bent o'er his staff, with feeble feet,  
He tottered down the village street ;  
The heavy snows of age did bow  
Nigh to the grave his furrowed brow.

### II.

Loved in the town by great and small,  
Old Martin was the joy of all ;  
To him the brightest wreath would come  
At marriage dance or harvest home ;  
For Martin was so mild and good,  
And never scorned a cheerful mood,

### III.

Now husking came : in dance and song  
The night went merrily along ;  
And there were gathered great and small,  
And sang and sprang by moonlight all.  
But Father Martin stole away  
To where his kinsmen's tombstones lay.

## IV.

The night was fair — a quivering breeze  
Crept softly through the churchyard trees,  
And murmured with a gentle breath  
O'er the dew-spangled rose beneath,  
Which, planted by the hand of love,  
Bloomed fresh a new-made grave above.

## V.

Old Father Martin heaved a sigh,  
Looked upward to the starry sky,  
Fell on the grave where Anna slept,  
Poured out this fervent prayer, and wept : —  
“ Soothe, gracious God, this broken heart,  
And let old Martin, too, depart !

## VI.

“ My friends and neighbors all are gone,  
And I am left to roam alone.  
Weary and lonesome here below —  
O God, that I might also go !  
My day is o'er ; the night is near ;  
Why, Father, should I linger here ?

## VII.

“ Ah, I am very weak and old ;  
My joys are fled, my heart is cold.  
My trembling head is silvered o'er ;  
Lord, can an old man serve thee more ?  
O, let me now in peace depart !  
Lay in the earth this weary heart ! ”

## VIII.

And Martin's prayer came to the ears  
Of the great Ruler of the spheres;  
He sent his good death-angel down  
Kindly the old man's prayer to crown,  
To take his pilgrim staff away,  
And in the grave him softly lay.

## IX.

The angel whispered peace and cheer  
In holy Father Martin's ear,  
Near him in robes of light did stand,  
And offered him his cold, cold hand.  
"Kiss me!" the expectant angel cried;  
Old Martin gave the kiss, and — died!





TIECK.



## TIECK.

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### SPRING.

Look all around thee! How the spring advances!

New life is playing through the gay, green trees;  
See how, in yonder bower, the light leaf dances

To the bird's tread, and to the quivering breeze!  
How every blossom in the sunlight glances!

The winter-frost to his dark cavern flees,  
And earth, warm-wakened, feels through every vein  
The kindling influence of the vernal rain.

Now silvery streamlets, from the mountain stealing,  
Dance joyously the verdant vales along;

Cold fear no more the songster's tongue is sealing;  
Down in the thick, dark grove is heard his song;  
And, all their bright and lovely hues revealing,

A thousand plants the field and forest throng;  
Light comes upon the earth in radiant showers,  
And mingling rainbows play among the flowers.



BRUNN.



# B R U N N .

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## CHAMOUNY AT SUNRISE. 1

FROM the deep shadow of the silent fir-grove  
I lift my eyes, and trembling look on thee,  
Brow of eternity, thou dazzling peak,  
From whose calm height my dreaming spirit mounts  
And soars away into the infinite !

Who sank the pillar in the lap of earth,  
Down deep, the pillar of eternal rock,  
On which thy mass stands firm, and firm hath stood  
While centuries on centuries rolled along ?  
Who reared, up-towering through the vaulted blue,  
Mighty and bold, thy radiant countenance ?

Who poured you from on high with thunder-sound,  
Down from old winter's everlasting realm,  
O jagged streams, o'er rock and through ravine ?  
And whose almighty voice commanded loud,  
" Here shall the stiffening billows rest awhile ! "

<sup>1</sup> See Note T.

Whose finger points yon morning-star his course?  
Who fringed with blossom-wreaths the eternal frost?  
Whose name, O wild Arveiron, does thy din  
Of waves sound out in dreadful harmonies?

“Jehovah!” crashes in the bursting ice;  
Down through the gorge the rolling avalanche  
Carries the word in thunder to the vales.  
“Jehovah!” murmurs in the morning breeze,  
Along the trembling tree-tops; down below  
It whispers in the purling, silvery brooks.



## MAY SONG.

BLISS is floating,  
Smiling every where ;  
Floating round the verdant mountain,  
Smiling in the glassy fountain.  
Bliss is floating,  
Smiling every where !

Love is reigning,  
Ruling every where ;  
Through the breezy thicket gliding,  
In the snowy blossoms hiding.  
Love is reigning,  
Ruling every where !

Joy is singing,  
Shouting far and near ;  
O'er the flowery meadows straying,  
Lambs are skipping, children playing.  
Joy is singing,  
Shouting far and near !

Trip it gayly  
In the dance of May ;  
See the blossoms thickly falling  
On the clear pond ; spring is calling ;  
Haste ! ah, swiftly  
Spring-time fades away !

Sadness glimmers  
In each flowery cup ;  
Pearly dew-drops see it weeping !  
Hear its sigh through alders creeping !  
Sadness glimmers  
In each flowery cup !

Murmur softly,  
Choir of tender joys ;  
Spirits whisper in the bowers ;  
Spirits float from scented flowers.  
Murmur softly,  
Choir of tender joys !

Spring is blooming  
Freshly o'er the tomb.  
Life springs only from death's prison.  
See ! the butterfly is risen !  
Hope triumphant  
Hovers o'er the tomb !

KOSEGARTEN.



# K O S E G A R T E N .

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## THE AMEN OF THE STONES.

BLIND with old age, the Venerable Bede  
Ceased not, for that, to preach and publish forth  
The news from heaven — the tidings of great joy.  
From town to town — through all the villages —  
With trusty guidance, roamed the aged saint,  
And preached the word with all the fire of youth.

One day his boy had led him to a vale,  
That lay all thickly sowed with mighty rocks.  
In mischief more than malice spake the boy :  
“ Most reverend father ! there are many men  
Assembled here, who wait to hear thy voice.”

The blind old man, so bowed, straightway rose up,  
Chose him his text, expounded, then applied,  
Exhorted, warned, rebuked, and comforted,  
So fervently, that soon the gushing tears  
Streamed thick and fast down to his hoary beard.  
When, at the close, as seemeth always meet,  
He prayed “ Our Father,” and pronounced aloud,  
“ Thine is the kingdom and the power — thine

The glory now and through eternity," —  
At once there rang through all that echoing vale  
A sound of many thousand voices crying,  
"Amen! most reverend sire, amen! amen!"

Trembling with terror and remorse, the boy  
Knelt down before the saint, and owned his sin.  
"Son," said the old man, "hast thou then never read,  
'When men are dumb, the stones shall cry aloud'? —  
Henceforward mock not, son, the word of God!  
Living it is, and mighty, cutting sharp,  
Like a two-edged sword. And when the heart  
Of flesh grows hard and stubborn as the stone,  
A heart of flesh shall stir in stones themselves!"

## A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

SWEETLY the night is darkling !  
How pure the breath of night !  
And see ! God's stars are sparkling,  
Magnificently bright ;  
Come forth ! the world is still, love,  
And let us drink our fill, love,  
From that deep fount on high  
Of light and majesty.

How fast fair Lyra brightens !  
See how the Eagle gleams !  
Corona softly lightens,  
And sparkling Gemma streams.  
The Watchmen's eyes are gazing,  
The golden Chariots blazing,  
And on that calm, blue sea  
The Swan floats gracefully.

Ye stars, God's angels, telling  
The pathway of the blest,  
'Tis yours, each tumult quelling,  
To soothe the troubled breast.  
When, with devotion burning,  
Our hearts turn toward you, yearning,  
Bright omens cheer the eye,  
Of endless bliss on high.

My love, when clouds of sorrow  
Shall dim those calm, bright eyes,  
When each returning morrow  
More drearily shall rise, —  
Then go, as now, when nightly  
The stars are twinkling brightly,  
And thy soothed heart shall know  
Rest from all earthly woe.

And if life's press should ever  
Bear, love, our wandering feet  
Where eyes and lips may never  
Hope here on earth to meet,  
O, then, go often, nightly,  
When stars are beaming brightly,  
And think, — On that blest shore  
We meet to part no more !



## VIA CRUCIS VIA LUCIS.

THROUGH night to light! — And though to mortal eyes  
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,  
Good cheer! good cheer! The gloom of midnight flies;  
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through storm to calm! — And though his thunder-car  
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,  
Good cheer! good cheer! The elemental war  
Tells that a blessed, healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring! — And though the biting blast  
Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,  
Good cheer! good cheer! When winter's wrath is past,  
Soft-murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the  
plains.

Through strife to peace! — And though, with bristling  
front,  
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,  
Good cheer! good cheer! Brave thou the battle's brunt  
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through sweat to sleep! — And though the sultry noon,  
With heavy, drooping wing, oppress thee now,  
Good cheer! good cheer! The cool of evening soon  
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown ! — And though thy spirit's life  
Trials untold assail with giant strength,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! Soon ends the bitter strife,  
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy ! — And though at morn thou weep,  
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! The Shepherd loves his sheep ;  
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life ! — And through this vale of tears,  
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend  
To the great supper in that world whose years  
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

K R U M M A C H E R .



# K R U M M A C H E R.

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## MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY.

ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed,  
He paints the morning red,  
The flowerets white and blue,  
And feeds them with his dew.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,  
The loveliest breezes breathe;  
So free and pure the air,  
*His* breath seems floating there.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,  
Still vales and meadows lie;  
The soaring glacier's ice  
Gleams like a Paradise.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow  
There the bold chamois go;  
On giddy crags they stand,  
And drink from his own hand.

On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,  
The sheep and wild goats go ;  
There, in the solitude,  
He fills their hearts with food.  
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

On Alpine heights the herdsman tends his herd ;  
*His* Shepherd is the Lord ;  
For he who feeds the sheep  
Will sure his offspring keep.  
On Alpine heights a loving Father dwells.

## THE SETTING SUN.

THE sun is setting brightly ;  
How clear he looks, and sprightly !  
How like a friend he seems to gaze,  
While slowly sinks his golden blaze !

This is the way he preaches,  
And *this* the truth he teaches : —  
Whoe'er in goodness spends the day,  
When evening comes, is always gay.

He walks from morn to even  
His destined path through heaven,  
And from his heavenly tent pours forth  
Brightness and warmth o'er all the earth.

Then, when the day is ending,  
He, to his rest descending,  
Yet stays his downward course a while  
To greet us with a farewell smile.

And now he is reposing ;  
Night's shades are o'er him closing ;  
But with new splendor soon he'll rise,  
And flame on high in eastern skies.

So tread the path before thee,  
Of virtue, bliss, and glory,  
That, when the day of life is o'er,  
Thy sun may rise in heaven to set no more.



NOVALIS.



# NOVALIS.

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## SONG OF ZULIMA, THE ARABIAN CAPTIVE

STILL must childhood's happy dream  
Haunt me 'neath these hostile skies?  
Ever shall hope's fitful gleam  
Wave before my weary eyes?  
Ever shall they rove in vain  
O'er the wide and restless main?

Couldst thou see the myrtle bowers,  
See the cedar's dusky hair,  
Where my sisters, crowned with flowers,  
Lingered in the dewy air!  
Couldst thou see them lead the dance  
'Neath the pale moon's silver glance!

Youthful lovers bowed the knee,  
Noble warriors from afar;  
Tender songs arose to me  
Ever with the evening-star.  
For love and honor death to dare  
Was the manly watchword there, —

There, where smiling heavens lend  
    To the seas a golden glow,  
Where the warm, balsamic waves  
    Round the shelving woodlands flow ;  
Where 'mid thousand fruits and flowers  
Wild birds haunt the leafy bowers.

Fades the dream of youth and love ;  
    Far away my native halls ;  
Lowly lies the myrtle grove ;  
    Mouldering stand the castle walls.  
Sudden as the lightning's brand,  
Pirates scathed the smiling land.

Lurid flames flashed wild and high ;  
    Clashing sabres, stamping steeds,  
Mingle with the midnight cry :  
    None the suppliant victim heeds.  
Father, brothers, could not save ;  
Pirates bore us o'er the wave.

Still my heart is fondly yearning,  
    As I pace the barren strand ;  
Still mine eyes through tears are turning  
    To that far-off mother-land,  
Ever wandering in vain  
O'er the wide and restless main.

S. H. W.

## UNION.

GIVE me thy hand, in faithful token  
That thou my friend wilt always be;  
Now never may the chain be broken,  
Which links my heart this day to thee;  
One place of prayer, our passions stilling —  
One home, where pleasant hours shall flee —  
One joy, our bosoms gently thrilling —  
One heaven, at last, for thee and me.



MISCELLANEOUS.





SONGS OF LIFE.



## SONGS OF LIFE.

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### THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

O, THE garden of life is lovely and fair !  
How lovely, when spring in its freshness is there !  
The sun-gilded, blossom-crowned hill-tops, how gay !  
The light, roaming zephyrs, how sweetly they play !

How sweetly they play on the waves of the grass !  
O, see how the flowers dance round as they pass !  
Each twig-top is nodding, each flower-cup so blue ;  
And from twig-top and flower-cup fall pearl-drops of dew.

And fountains of pleasure, so lovely and bright,  
Purl round through the garden, and leap to the light.  
Through flowery meads they go dancing away ;  
They dance and they murmur, and hail the young May.

But, ah ! 'tis soon over ; sweet spring, too, speeds on,  
And the flowers, ere we dream, are all faded and gone ;  
The sweet-scented violet has lost its perfume ;  
It withers, and leaves my lone bosom to gloom. —

The garden yet blossoms ; still murmurs the breeze,  
So cool and so soft, through the garlanded trees ;  
And the May-flowers still smile, and breathe round their  
perfume :

O, life's lovely garden is still, still in bloom !

We roam through the garden, o'er valley and hill,  
And the stream that purled yesterday purls by us still:  
Then away with all weeds, away sadness and gloom,  
While the flowers of spring-time are still in their bloom.

'Neath the scythe of old Time they must fall, it is true,  
The sweet-scented flowers; but we shall fall, too;  
And Earth, that once nursed the May-flowers on her  
    breast,  
Shall open her cool lap, and lull us to rest.

ROSEMANN.

## MY HEART.

O my heart, my heart ! in thee  
Dwells a fount of joy for me ;  
And, when thou true peace hast found,  
Peace and beauty reign around.

Thee, my inner temple, thee  
To adorn, my glory be ;  
Thee, my treasure, fortune, fame,  
To increase be still my aim.

Love thy Maker ; let it be  
Duty and delight to thee :  
When the day breaks o'er the hill —  
At the sunset-hour so still.

Let each living creature share  
Thy warm love, and be it thy care,  
That whate'er thine eyes may see  
Form a link 'twixt Heaven and thee.

Find thy home in every land ;  
Give each man a brother's hand ;  
And let each, whoe'er he be,  
Hold a lasting claim to thee.

Help, — where'er it may avail, —  
Sympathy, — if help should fail, —  
Solace to each pining heart,  
To the wavering, strength, impart.

Then, my heart, thy bliss shall be  
Like a stream, that, full and free,  
Ere its ocean-home appears,  
Many a way-worn wanderer cheers.

## GERMAN NURSERY SONG.

O STRASBURG, O Strasburg! thou city wondrous fair!  
How many a buried soldier is lying 'neath thee there!  
How many a fair and gallant one is now lying low,  
Who left his father and mother so long, long ago!  
He left them, he left them, but help it how could he?  
In Strasburg, in Strasburg, soldiers there must be.  
The mother and the sister they sought the captain's  
door: —

“Ah, captain, dearest captain, let me see my son once  
more.”

“For gold on gold I cannot give your son to you  
again, —

Your son, — and he must perish on the broad and distant  
plain;

On the broad and the distant, the distant field must  
die,

Where o'er him many a dark-brown maid so mournfully  
shall sigh.”

## NURSE'S WATCH.

FROM THE "BOY'S HORN OF WONDERS."

THE moon it shines,  
My darling whines;  
The clock strikes twelve: — God cheer  
The sick, both far and near.

God knoweth all;  
Mousy nibbles in the wall;  
The clock strikes one: — like day,  
Dreams o'er thy pillow play.

The matin-bell  
Wakes the nun in convent cell;  
The clock strikes two; — they go  
To choir in a row.

The wind it blows,  
The cock he crows;  
The clock strikes three: — the wagoner  
In his straw bed begins to stir.

The steed he paws the floor,  
Creaks the stable-door;  
The clock strikes four; — 'tis plain,  
The coachman sifts his grain.



The swallow's laugh the still air shakes,  
The sun awakes ;  
The clock strikes five : — the traveller must  
be gone,  
He puts his stockings on.

The hen is clacking,  
The ducks are quacking ;  
The clock strikes six : — awake, arise,  
Thou lazy hag ; come, ope thy eyes.

Quick to the baker's run ;  
'The rolls are done ;  
The clock strikes seven ; —  
'Tis time the milk were in the oven.

Put in some butter, do,  
And some fine sugar, too ;  
The clock strikes eight ; —  
Now bring my baby's porridge straight.

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## CHIMNEY-SWEEPER'S SONG.

'Tis true, I'm as black as the pitch-black coal,  
But I might be white, if I chose to be so;  
And I'm sure there's no malice so black in my soul,  
To make the children all run from me so.  
My face may show the Evil One,  
But my heart is as fair as the noonday sun.

Why, the maiden I love has more money, I know,  
Than I in my lifetime can scrape together;  
Her cheeks are like roses, her brow is like snow,  
And I am as black as a raven's feather;  
And yet, for all that, she confesses to me,  
"I love thee — I love none else but thee."

So now, then, good people, don't look so shy,  
As if I were coming expressly to scalp you!  
I'll tell you, in brief, how important am I: —  
If it were not for us, chimney-sweepers, to help you,  
The danger of fire would give you such dread,  
You could not sleep a wink in your bed.

You've blacksmiths and whitesmiths, both plenty and  
good,  
'Gainst midnight assassins and thieves to secure you;  
And that never a rain-drop shall dare to intrude,  
The slater and carpenter come to insure you:

You've a priest, when you want one, to save you from  
sin,

And, when you are ailing, the doctor comes in.

'Gainst the pestilent rats and mice you hire

A faithful and Argus-eyed chamber-keeper ;

But to guard you from brands and midnight fire,

You must trust to the ill-looking chimney-sweeper ;

And so, with your leave, I venture to call

My humble office the first of all.

Good citizens all, if you would feel

That your city is safe while you are sleeping,

Just call on the man with the three-cornered steel

To come and give your chimneys a sweeping ;

For, O, how many, from want of thought,

In the wink of an eyelid to ruin are brought !

Where I am too heavy and thick to squeeze,

And bring down the soot with my ringing scraper,

My urchin here can clamber with ease ;

He'll slip through the crannies as neat as a taper ;

And, though his presence is somewhat mean,

'Pon honor, he'll sweep your chimneys clean.

Up, briskly, youngster ; scrape away ;

And, when you once have fairly ascended,

Then drink the fresh air and the light of day,

And sing for joy that your work is ended ;

And swing your brush, and cry, "Sweep, ho !"

Till every body looks up from below.

Then all ye good people who love your race,  
And heartily wish for your country's salvation,  
Just look in the chimney-sweeper's face,  
And drink success to his vocation  
In a brimming glass of that generous wine  
Whose gladness maketh the face to shine.

EICHHOLZ.

## THE POSTILION.

WHEN the dawn is faintly breaking,  
From his slumbers lightly waking,  
While the world is still in deep repose,  
Forth the gay postilion goes ;  
To the stall with speed he bounds ;  
There his startling lash he sounds —  
Click, clack.

See his steeds now proudly prancing,  
Through the city gates advancing,  
While the rising sun's all-gilding rays  
Over mount and valley blaze.  
Up and down the hills they fly ;  
Now the plains before them lie —  
Click, clack.

Then, when night comes, faintly darkling,  
And the peaceful stars are sparkling,  
Lo! the goal is near : the glad steeds bound ;  
Soon the rattling streets resound ;  
Now the post-horn pours its blast,  
While the sounding lash falls fast —  
Click, clack.

## MILLER'S SONG.

A MILLER am I; and my face, I know,  
Is dusty-white, and it must be so;  
    Only give me good wind, and I care not.  
A host of gentles, so neat and clean,  
Creeping pale through the streets of the city are seen,  
    And millers, I trow, they are not.

The dust has quite covered my auburn hair,  
And lip, and cheek, and forehead fair;  
    In the nature of things it must be so.  
The dames of the city grow dusty for nought;  
To paint their pale cheeks all red they are taught;  
    Then why should they stare at me so?

Then there are my hands; — you'll say, they too  
Are not more clean than my face; — 'tis true;  
    And can it be otherwise, think ye?  
These hands for wife and child provide,  
And many a great one's hands, beside,  
    Are not *too* clean, let me hint t' ye!

There's a plenty of noise and high wind here;  
But Slumber, the friend of Toil, is near,  
    And shakes his sweet blossoms around me.  
In the city there's nothing but racket all night,  
And a constant *gale* till morning light,  
    I'm sure, it would quite confound me.

FR. POESCHMANN.

## ADVERTISEMENT OF A MENAGERIE.

WONDROUS beasts are here for show,  
Full of life and motion ;  
Up and down their dens they go,  
Like the restless ocean ; —  
Lions, tigers, leopards, apes,  
Monkeys, too, of several shapes,  
Birds of rarest beauty.

How they stamp, and tear the ground,  
Flap, and snort, and chatter !  
Men and boys come crowding round,  
Wondering what's the matter.  
When they spy the meat, they rage ;  
How the lion tears his cage  
Like a crazy creature !

Watch them closely, mark them well,  
Every form and feature ;  
When the man their names shall tell,  
Don't forget the creature,  
Lest you should a blunder make,  
And the pretty goldfinch take  
For a mousing sparrow.

Apes and asses formerly  
Foreign vessels brought us ;

Of the great rhinoceros  
Poetry had taught us.  
Thanks to these enlightened times,  
Strangest beasts from farthest climes  
Our own eyes now show us.



## FISHER'S SONG.

Up and down, all day long,  
Life glides by us, like our song.  
    In our little fisher-boat,  
    On the restless sea we float.  
Up and down, all day long,  
Life glides by us, like our song.

Far from care, far from pain,  
Far from thoughts of greedy gain,  
    Calmly, cheerfully, we ride  
    Over life's tempestuous tide, —  
Far from care, far from pain,  
Far from thoughts of greedy gain.

## HUNTING SONG.

O'ER the hill and through the hollow  
All day the chase I follow,  
    A merry hunting boy.  
Each morn my toil renewing,  
Every forest path pursuing;  
    In that is all my joy.

With water from the fountain,  
Or with wild fruits from the mountain,  
    I eat my coarse brown bread, —  
My mossy table spreading  
Where the beechen boughs are shedding  
    Their shadow o'er my head, —

The stag and wild boar chasing,  
The wily Renard tracing  
    His furry coat to claim;  
And oft at distance spying  
The rapid woodcock flying,  
    I take my certain aim.

When, wearied, home returning,  
My pipe is brightly burning  
    In the keen and frosty air :  
Through the lonely forest riding,  
In my faithful dog confiding,  
    What know I then of care?

When the light of day is sinking,  
When the dewy stars are blinking,  
I hail with eager joy  
The hearth-light brightly beaming,  
From my cottage window streaming, —  
A happy hunting boy.

S. H. W.

## THE FLAX-SPINNER'S SONG,

SUNG AMONG THE PEASANTS OF WESTPHALIA.

Now is the flax so fair and long ;  
    Ho! ho! ho!  
And now the poor man's heart is strong,  
And now ascends his swelling song,  
    The grateful heart's o'erflow.

What torments must the flax endure !  
    Ho! ho! ho!  
They'll dig a pond, and heave it in,  
Then beat and bruise it short and thin ;  
    Hallo! hallo! hallo!

The flayer, he will break the straw,  
    Rack ! rack ! rack !  
The gleaner, he will scrape and glean,  
Till not a single sheaf is seen,  
    Then throw it on the pack.

The hatcheler then must make it fine,  
    Hash! hash! hash!  
He draws it out so fine and fair —  
He forms the woof with speed and care,  
    And lays it on the rash.

And then, when winter comes along,  
    Groll! groll! groll!  
The woofs are set, and man and wife,  
They spin, as if they spun for life,  
    They spin full many a roll.

And now the bride will be so gay,  
    Ho! ho! ho!  
She'll spin by night, she'll spin by day;  
Her bridal dress she'll spin away,  
    Fine as her hair, I know.

Hurrah! hurrah! the flax is good!  
    Ho! ho! ho!  
Who does his duty daily, he  
Must always bright and happy be,  
    Whether in weal or woe.

The flax rewards our cheerful toil;  
    Ho! ho! ho!  
And many a mighty prince's son  
Who wears the linen we have spun,  
    Our joy may never know.

## LOVE SONG OF A LAPLANDER.

COME, Zama, come, nor longer scorn thy lover,  
    Queen of the fair ;  
O come, or soon the snows of age shall cover  
    My wasting hair.

Vain is thy flight, for Love hath wings more fleeting  
    Than fleetest steed ;  
Nor driving snow nor hail-storm, fiercely beating,  
    Shall stay my speed.

I'll stem the stream where wintry waves roll deepest,  
    To come to thee ;  
I'll climb the crag where mountain walls rise steepest,  
    Thy form to see.

No gloomy glen within its depths shall hide thee,  
    Nor tangled shade ;  
Through brier and bog I'll follow close beside thee,  
    Coy Lapland maid.

And shouldst thou still, shy maiden, fly before me  
    Far o'er the sea,  
I'll stand by Greenland's breakers, hoarse and hoary,  
    And cry to thee.

The long, long night is near; my heart is yearning,  
Sweet love, for thine.

My light, I see thee even now returning:—  
What joy is mine!

KLEIST.

## DAINTY DOLLY.

BLOND of hair and blue of eye,  
Philip sat, and thus did sigh. —  
“Dorothy, wert thou my wife,  
I would love thee all my life!”  
But the dainty Dolly cried,  
“Yellow heads I can’t abide!”

William, brown of eye and hair,  
Next beset the freakish fair;  
William was not great of limb,  
Yet there was a soul in him.  
Still the dainty Dolly cried,  
“Little men I can’t abide.”

Six years passed : another cried,  
“Dorothy, be thou my bride;  
Hand and heart I offer thee,  
And a pretty property.”  
Still the dainty Dolly cried,  
“Widowers I can’t abide.”

Ten years fled : a miser came,  
Hollow-eyed, and owned his flame;  
Toothless, tottering, scarce could stand,  
Offered her his bony hand,



Long and stiff as any crutch :  
Dolly shrank back from the touch.  
But the generous mother cried,  
“ Wilt not be the rich man’s bride ? ”

Dolly sees, meanwhile, each day,  
Here and there a hair grow gray ;  
Takes, at length, the old skinny purse —  
Takes “ for better or for worse.”  
Now this jewel of a wife  
He has, well locked up, for life. —  
Hear what Dolly now doth sing —  
“ Gentle maidens, sow in spring ! ”

U. P.

## PRAISE OF SINGING.

WERE it not for sound and song,  
Life would lose its pleasure ;  
We could not endure it long, —  
Such a load of treasure.  
Say, what is it soothes the soul,  
And the heart rejoices ?  
'Tis the burst of joyous song,  
Blending happy voices.

When the heavy hours drag,  
Heavier hours bringing,  
When our spirits faint and flag,  
Then we take to singing.  
Cheerily, the while we sing,  
Flies the lightened hour ;  
Dulness lifts his drooping wing,  
Roused by Music's power.

Larks that soar in upper air,  
Nightingales in bowers,  
Quails that sing in meadows fair,  
Flying through the flowers, —  
How they warble ! Sky and grove  
With their songs are ringing ;  
We, like them, will evermore  
Cheer the hours with singing.

## HUNTERS' CHORUS.

FROM "DER FREISCHÜTZ."

WHAT joy in the wide world with huntsmen's is vying?  
For whom does life's beaker so richly o'erflow?  
'Mid clanging of horns in the green-wood a-lying,  
Through pond and through thicket a-chasing the roe,  
Is princely enjoyment, — is manly employment; —  
It braces the limbs and it spices the meal:  
When rocks hanging o'er us reëcho our chorus,  
How rings through the forest the deep, merry peal! —  
Yo ho ho! trallara!

O, well knows Diana our pathway to lighten,  
When night's cooling shadows fall dark in the wood.  
The grim, bloody wolf, and the wild boar to frighten,  
As through the green cornfields he prowls for his food,  
Is princely enjoyment, — is manly employment; —  
It braces the limbs and it spices the meal:  
When rocks hanging o'er us reëcho our chorus,  
How rings through the forest the deep, merry peal! —  
Yo ho ho! trallara!

## HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

THE vales are smoking ; the hill-tops blaze ;  
Away, away to the sounding chase !  
Glad morning wakes to fresh delight ;  
High swells the breast for deeds of might.  
Sound loud the shrill bugle ; and then  
On, monarchs of woodland and glen !

Now breaks in triumph the golden day !  
Swift speeds the wing'd shaft on its deadly way ;  
The eagle drops from his towering skies ;  
Far down the dark glen the serpent dies.  
Once more sound the bugle ; and then  
On, monarchs of woodland and glen !

## SKATER'S SONG.

AWAY and away o'er the deep-sounding tide  
On crystals of silver we sweep and we glide:  
The steel is our pinion, our roof the broad blue,  
And heaven's pure breezes our pathway pursue.  
So, joyfully, brothers, we glide and we sweep  
Away and away over life's brazen deep.

Thou golden-bright palace, whose hand arched thee  
o'er,  
And spread out beneath us the diamond-paved floor,  
And gave us the steel with its lightning-like glance,  
Through heavenly chambers to float and to dance?  
So, joyfully, brothers, we float and we glide  
Through the heavenly chambers of life far and wide.

Through the pale mists of evening the sun glimmers still,  
And lingers awhile on the brow of the hill;  
But now he's gone down, and, with tranquil, soft glow,  
The moon shines like silver above and below.  
So, joyfully, brothers, we float and we glide,  
In sunshine and moonlight, o'er life's silver tide.

Look up, now! how sparkles that blue sea on high!  
And below us, in frost, gleams a star-lighted sky.  
For He who with suns studded heaven o'erhead,  
Beneath us a frost-flowered meadow hath spread.

So, joyfully, brothers, we float and we glide  
Through life's starry meadows away far and wide.

He made us this palace so airy and wide,  
And gave us steel feet amid dangers to glide ;  
In the frosts of mid-winter he kindles our blood ;  
We hover, we sweep, o'er the treacherous flood.  
So, fearlessly, brothers, steel-hearted, we sweep  
O'er the sounding abysses of life's stormy deep.

HERDER.

## THE SOAP-BUBBLE.

SEE our airy bubble, lightly dancing,  
Far away on buoyant breezes rise !  
Imaged there, a mimic world is glancing :  
See it sail along the smiling skies !

Youthful spirits, now so brightly glowing,  
Borne away by airy hopes on high,  
May no chilling breeze, more harshly blowing,  
Bid your lovely, golden visions fly !

Thoughtless man, gay dreams around thee hover ;  
Pomp and pride their richest charms display ;  
But how soon their empty reign is over !  
Like yon globe they quickly pass away.

## THIS WORLD IS ALL A MIGHTY CHOIR.

'THIS world is all one mighty choir,  
And we the instruments therein ;  
The voice of Music doth inspire,  
And at her signal we begin.  
The lords and great ones lead the choir ;  
Both tune and time themselves select ;  
And at their nod we strike the wire,  
And play, now more, now less correct.

Andante is the poor man's Tempo ;  
The rich in Allegro you'll find ;  
With them it's Forte, Mäestoso ;  
We, all unheard, pipe in behind ;  
And many a man plays very vainly,  
Because his strings are somehow wrong ;  
And crowds you'll find expected only  
To blow the bellows all life long.

KOTZEBUE.



## GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

APPROACH and see ! there stands the bier ;  
Within, the pale, cold clay.  
There is the tomb, where, veiled in gloom,  
Corruption waits his prey.

Come hither, all, and trembling see  
Your own approaching doom ;  
Time hurries by : you, too, must lie  
Forgotten in the tomb.

Full many a one at morn I've seen  
Bloom freshly like the rose ;  
When day was done, the sinking sun  
His grave beheld me close.

I'm but a poor man ; yet the world  
Before my sceptre bend :  
The wicked see a foe in me,  
The good alone a friend.

Thou gold-clad tyrant, wherefore thus  
Display each stolen plume ?  
Look hither ! see, I wait for thee !  
Fear'st not to approach the tomb ?

And, hero, — thou whose glittering arms  
God's world a waste have made, —  
Say, canst thou fly? or wilt *defy*  
My stern, avenging spade?

But thou, whom virtue calls to mourn,  
By the cold world oppressed,  
Bear well thy load — tread duty's road —  
Soon, soon I'll give thee rest.

My field is small — he needs not much,  
Who seeks a place of rest.  
Here sounds no groan; no woe is known;  
Nor care nor fear molest.

My field is small — but great shall be  
The harvest of my God,  
When bursts, at last, each seed I've cast  
Beneath the silent sod.

Come, then, and see! there stands the bier;  
The harvest swells below:  
The Judge on high, throned in the sky,  
Shall recompense bestow.

My spade scarce gains my daily bread;  
Yet whoso fearlessly  
Can stand and gaze upon my face,  
An upright man must be.

GRAF VON MELLIN.

SONGS OF NATURE.



## SONGS OF NATURE.

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### MORN AMID THE MOUNTAINS.

MORN amid the mountains!  
Lovely solitude!  
Gushing streams and fountains  
Murmur, "God is good! God is good!"

Now the glad sun, breaking,  
Pours a golden flood;  
Deepest vales, awaking,  
Echo, "God is good! God is good!"

Hymns of praise are ringing  
Through the leafy wood;  
Songsters, sweetly singing,  
Warble, "God is good! God is good!"

Wake, and join the chorus,  
Man, with soul endued;  
He whose smile is o'er us,  
God, O, God is good!

## SPRING EVENING.

WHAT more fine can be,  
What more full of glee,  
Than in spring, when day's declining, —  
When the blossoms fair  
Perfume all the air,  
And the western clouds are shining, —  
When the birds so fondly twitter,  
And the sharp, shrill crickets titter,  
Honey-laden bees  
Murmur with the breeze, —  
O, what time for thought is fitter ?

Then we leave our home,  
To the fields we roam,  
And we sit amongst the haying, —  
Hear the pleasant sound  
Of the birds around,  
Or some far-off flute that's playing, —  
Hear the frogs croak out their chorus  
From the sedgy marsh before us !  
How the shrill, clear notes  
From their dewy throats  
Back to summer thoughts restore us !

But 'tis night! away!  
For we must not stay  
Chatting here so late together.  
Yet 'twere sweet to stay  
'Mid the new-mown hay,  
All night long, this summer weather:  
Time is o'er for chat and dancing;  
Now the gentle moon, advancing,  
Calls the stars out, all,  
Sets them, great and small,  
In the clear, blue heavens glancing.

J. S. D.

## SPRING IS COMING.

OLD Winter must away, away !  
He mopes about the house all day,  
Looking so heavy and forlorn :  
He must get ready and be gone.

See Spring before the door appear !  
He's come to pull him by the ear,  
To take him by the beard so gray :  
He hath a rude, mischievous way.

Gay Spring begins to knock and beat ; —  
Hark, hark ! I know his voice so sweet ;  
With little lily-buds he drums,  
And rattles at the door, and hums.

And you must let him in straightway ;  
For he hath servants in his pay,  
Whom he can summon to his aid,  
And thunder through — he's not afraid.

First comes young *Morning-wind* so wild,  
A chubby-cheeked and rosy child ;  
He'll bluster till all ring again ;  
He'll make you let his master in.



See *Sunshine*, gallant knight, advance !  
He'll shiver through with golden lance.  
*Flower-fragrance*, cunning flatterer — think  
How he can wind through every chink.

The *Nightingale* to th' onset sounds :  
And hark ! and hark ! the note rebounds :  
An echo from my soul doth ring !  
Come in, come in, thou joyous Spring !

J. S. D.

## SUMMER SONG.

SWEET summer is coming;  
How gayly sings the lark at morn!  
The wild bee is humming  
Around the flowery thorn.

## FIRST VOICE.

What charming, wild music in grove and in vale!

## SECOND VOICE.

Sweet summer, thou art coming; I feel the inspiring  
gale.

## CHORUS.

Ay, summer, thou art coming:  
Thou mildest, loveliest, hail!

## HARVEST SONG.

IMITATED.

AUTUMN winds are sighing,  
Summer glories dying,  
    Harvest time is nigh.  
Cooler breezes, quivering,  
Through the pine groves shivering,  
    Sweep the troubled sky.

See the fields, how yellow !  
Clusters, bright and mellow,  
    Gleam on every hill ;  
Nectar fills the fountains,  
Crowns the sunny mountains,  
    Runs in every rill.

Now the lads are springing,  
Maidens blithe are singing,  
    Swells the harvest strain ;  
Every field rejoices ;  
Thousand thankful voices  
    Mingle on the plain.

Then, when day declineth,  
And the mild moon shineth,

Tabors sweetly sound ;  
And, while they are sounding,  
Fairy feet are bounding  
O'er the moonlit ground.

SALIS.

## SONG FOR ALL SEASONS.

'Tis sweet to walk the fields of spring,  
When first the feathered warblers sing ;  
When, peeping forth 'mid youthful green,  
The modest violets are seen.

Sweet is the breath of summer morn,  
And sweet the sight of golden corn,  
And sweet, at evening's closing hour,  
The balmy breeze, the fragrant flower.

'Tis sweet when harvest glories shine,  
When glowing clusters load the vine,  
When bows the heavy tree, and pours  
In autumn's lap its juicy stores.

'Tis sweet, ay, sweet when winter's blast  
O'er autumn's fruitful fields hath passed ;  
Earth folds her snowy mantle round,  
And lies in wintry slumbers bound.

To every season, then, we sing, —  
Sweet summer time, and sparkling spring,  
And autumn rich, and winter dear :  
To grateful hearts they all are dear.

## MORNING SONG.

It breaks — it breaks from eastern chambers —  
The golden morning ray :  
All hail, thou bright and blessed morning !  
All hail, thou new-born day !

It bursts — it bursts from eastern chambers —  
A flood of glorious light :  
He comes — he comes — the sun in splendor,  
Victorious o'er the night.

I welcome thee, thou lovely morning,  
And thank the kindly Power,  
Whose smile of love bids darkness vanish,  
And wakes the morning hour.

## TO THE SETTING SUN.

How I love to see thee,  
    Golden evening sun !  
How I love to see thee,  
    When the day is done !

Sweetly thou recallest  
    Childhood's joyous days —  
Hours when I so fondly  
    Watched thy evening blaze.

When, in tranquil glory,  
    Thou didst sink to rest,  
O, what holy longings  
    Fired my swelling breast !

“ Were it mine thus brightly  
    *Virtue's* course to run, —  
Mine to sleep so sweetly,  
    All my labors done ! ”

Thus I wished in childhood,  
    When I gazed on thee,  
Wished my heavenly pathway  
    Like thine own might be.

Still I love to see thee,  
Golden evening sun :  
How I love to see thee,  
When the day is done !



O, HOW SWEET, WHEN DAYLIGHT CLOSES.

O, how sweet, when daylight closes,  
When the western sun reposes,  
And the dew is on the roses,  
    Brothers, then how sweet to rove  
    Through the meadow and the grove !

O, how sweet, when toil is ending, —  
Day and night so softly blending, —  
Sweet to hear our songs ascending,  
    Brothers, from the star-lit grove —  
    Songs of gratitude and love !

O, how sweet the bell's low pealing,  
On the ear so softly stealing !  
Home we go with grateful feeling,  
    Pray to God who reigns above,  
    And, with songs of praise and love,  
        Sink to rest.

## NIGHT SONG.

MURMUR, gentle lyre,  
Through the lonely night :  
Let thy trembling wire  
Waken dear delight.

Though the tones of sorrow  
Mingle in thy strain,  
Yet my heart can borrow  
Pleasure from the pain.

Hark ! the quivering breezes  
List thy silvery sound ;  
Every tumult ceases ;  
Silence reigns profound.

Hushed the thousand noises ;  
Gone the noonday glare ;  
Gentle spirit-voices  
Stir the midnight air.

Earth below is sleeping, —  
Meadow, hill, and grove ;  
Angel stars are keeping  
Silent watch above.

## SPRING SONG.

SWEET Spring is returning ;  
    She breathes on the plain,  
And meadows are blooming  
    In beauty again.  
Now fair is the flower,  
    And green is the grove,  
And soft is the shower  
    That falls from above.

Full gladly I greet thee,  
    Thou loveliest guest :  
Ah, long have we waited  
    By thee to be blessed !  
Stern Winter threw o'er us  
    His heavy, cold chain ;  
We longed to be breathing  
    In freedom again.

And then, O thou kind one,  
    Thou camest so mild ;  
And mountain, and meadow,  
    And rivulet, smiled :  
The voice of thy music  
    Was heard in the grove ;  
The balm of thy breezes  
    Invited to rove.

Now welcome, thou loved one,  
    Again and again ;  
And bring us full many  
    Bright days in thy train ;  
And bid the soft Summer  
    Not linger so long :  
E'en now we are waiting  
    To greet him in song.

## NIGHT SONG.

I SAW the smiling, golden sun,  
Sink to his rest when day was done ;  
And this methought his parting strain :  
“ Loved friends, I greet you soon again.”

Then starry Evening floated down,  
And spread her veil o'er field and town ;  
And when mild moonlight tipped the hill,  
Noise fled away, and all was still.

When moon and stars shed silvery light,  
Burns not devotion's flame more bright ?  
Now solemn midnight reigns around ;  
Each living thing in sleep is bound ;  
My neighbor's pale and feeble light  
Hath ceased to cheer the lonely night ;  
Kind Heaven has heard his evening prayer ;  
Now, worn with toil, he slumbers there.  
The watchman still, with straining sight,  
Stands gazing out upon the night.  
'Tis vain, O watchman : home to sleep !  
Does not our God a night-watch keep ?

Here, by the dim lamp's flickering beam,  
All silent round me as a dream,  
The noise and glare of daylight o'er,  
Sweet Peace revisits me once more.

In God I trust, who o'er his sheep  
A faithful watch will ever keep.  
" 'Though mother's son forgotten be,"  
He says, " I'll still remember thee."  
And now in sleep my eyes I close ;  
Fearless, on God my thoughts repose ;  
Beneath a watchful Father's sight,  
I yield me to the arms of Night.

## BURIAL OF THE SEED.

Now, my seed, thy grave is made ;  
In thy silent chamber laid,  
    Thou mayst slumber lightly :  
May the sun his radiance lend,  
And the dews of heaven descend  
    On thy pillow nightly.

Couldst thou speak, thou gentle one,  
Couldst thou feel what I have done,  
    Thou wouldst whisper, weeping,  
“ Ah, green earth and bright blue skies  
Never more may greet my eyes,  
    All in darkness sleeping.”

Yet sleep on, thou seedling dear ;  
Sweetly sleep, nor dream of fear ;  
    Soon, from slumber waking,  
Once again shalt thou behold  
Morning sunlight, bright as gold,  
    O'er the green earth breaking.

I at last must sink like thee ;  
Hands of love shall bury me,  
    Heaping cold earth o'er me ;  
But when God, from yonder skies,  
Bids the slumbering dead arise,  
    May I wake to glory !

## SUMMER.

Now the sun, with burning glare,  
Lengthens noontide hours;  
Men to cooling vales repair,  
Or to shady bowers.

Slowly through the meadow-green  
Sluggish streams are flowing;  
All along their banks are seen  
Roses deeply glowing.

Come, we'll seek the leafy grove,  
Sip the cooling fountain,  
And, when evening steals, we'll rove  
Round the shady mountain.

Then, at nightfall, will we throng  
Home through balmy flowers,  
And, with many a grateful song,  
Bless the summer hours.



## WINTER SONG.

How deep a sleep hath bound thee !  
A snowy shroud is round thee,  
    O Earth, our mother fair !  
Where now are spring's gay flowers,  
And summer's golden hours,  
    And those green robes thou once didst wear ?

How tranquil are thy slumbers !  
No shepherd's tuneful numbers  
    By vale or stream resound.  
Sweet summer songs are over ;  
The swallow — joyous rover —  
    In all our fields no more is found.

A Father's hand hath dressed thee  
In wintry robes ; so rest thee  
    Beneath his watchful sight :  
Thy wintry slumbers breaking,  
We soon shall see thee waking  
    In radiant robes of lovely light.

## THE LARK.

Lo, the blithesome lark is soaring  
Far aloft through morning skies;  
Songs of grateful gladness pouring,  
Higher, higher see him rise.

Thousand warblers now are springing  
Up to meet the welcome morn;  
Sky and grove with joy are ringing; —  
Hark! the wild entrancing horn!

Every mountain altar blazes;  
Incense sweet to Heaven ascends;  
Meadows waft their silent praises;  
Every flower adoring bends.

Man, awake from heavy slumbers;  
Morning breaks serenely bright;  
Songs of praise, in tuneful numbers,  
Raise to Him who rules the night.

## BUGLE SONG.

How sweet the sound,  
When woods around  
Have heard the pealing horn !  
From bush and brake  
Glad echoes wake,  
And hail the welcome morn — *come, morn !*

Each heart beats high,  
And gleams each eye  
To catch the welcome tone ;  
Like mist that flies  
From morning skies,  
All sorrow now is gone.

How fresh the breeze !  
How bright the trees !  
How golden-bright the day !  
The sparkling rill  
Goes, murmuring still,  
Through woodlands far away.

How sweet the sound,  
When woods around  
Have heard the pealing horn !  
From bush and brake  
Glad echoes wake,  
And hail the welcome morn — *come, morn !*

## SERENADE.

AWAKE, my trembling lyre,  
On midnight's quivering breezes,  
And let thy silvery music  
Steal softly o'er the loved one,  
And soothe her soul to rest.

Through memory's magic chambers  
Bid pass the forms of beauty,  
Till, lost in heavenly rapture,  
Her eye shall see the glories, —  
Her ear shall hear the music —  
The music of the blest!

## THE RIVULET.

I LOVE the little, laughing rill,  
That, all the livelong day,  
Goes sparkling, singing, dancing still,  
Through meadows far away.

O, oft I've chased that sportive stream  
In summer's sunny hours,  
And watched each silvery ripple gleam,  
Or plucked the bordering flowers. .

And still I love to stand and gaze  
Along its winding shore,  
And dream of happy, happy days,  
That will return no more.

But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill;  
And I, like thee, must haste,  
Each day, to do my Father's will,  
Nor turn one hour to waste.

## THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Go, at moonlight's dreamy hour,  
Where the silvery ripples shine;  
Mark a little, lovely flower:  
Be that lovely floweret thine.

Mild as heaven's own blue, it beameth  
Like a clear and cloudless day;  
Image of true love, it seemeth  
To the heart sweet words to say.

And methinks its blue eyes glisten,  
Full of love and tender thought,  
While from far it whispers, (listen!)  
"O forget, forget me not!"

HOME AND LIBERTY.





# HOME AND LIBERTY.

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## THE WATCH-FIRE.

WIFE and child, a peaceful sleep !  
'Tis for that my watch I keep ;  
Through the dark and chilly night,  
Think on you, and cry with might,  
“ Liberty or death ! ”

Hark ! again that piercing peal  
Smites the foeman's heart like steel ;  
Glorious watchword ! through the night  
Man to man calls out with might,  
“ Liberty or death ! ”

Where yon faithful watch-fires glow,  
Bold-defying stands the foe ;  
Still the cry rings through the night ;  
Guard to guard calls out with might,  
“ Liberty or death ! ”

When a shudder strikes the foe,  
And his blood runs cold and slow,  
*He* may blame the chilly night :  
'Tis our watchword's fearful might,  
“ Liberty or death ! ”

When the battle-storm raves high, —  
Leaden hail-stones whizzing by, —  
Freedom's morn shall break the night,  
By that glorious watchword's might,  
    "Liberty or death!"

COLLIN.

## THE GERMAN'S NATIVE LAND.

Know ye the land where, tall and green,  
The ancient forest-oaks are seen ?  
Where the old Rhine-waves sounding run  
Through vineyards gleaming in the sun ? —  
We know the lovely land full well :  
'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where truth is told,  
Where word of man is good as gold ? —  
The honest land, where love and truth  
Bloom on in everlasting youth ? —  
We know that honest land full well :  
'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

Know ye the land where each vile song  
Is banished from the jovial throng ? —  
The sacred land, where, free from art,  
Religion sways the simple heart ? —  
We know that sacred land full well :  
'Tis where the free-souled Germans dwell.

## PATRIOTIC SONG.

GOD bless the Saxon land !  
Firm may she ever stand  
Through storm and night !  
When the wild tempests rave,  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Father eternal, save  
Us by thy might !

Lo, our hearts' prayers arise  
Far through the upper skies —  
Regions of light.  
He who hath heard each sigh,  
Watches each weeping eye, —  
He is forever nigh,  
Venger of right !

## HOMESICKNESS.

BELOVED land, no tie is fonder  
Than that which binds my heart to thee ;  
Beloved land, where'er my footsteps wander,  
Dimly through tears thy form I see ;  
My straining eyes seek thy blue mountains ;  
As the wrecked seaman yearns the land to see,  
So do I yearn to greet once more thy mountains,  
Soaring aloft in silent majesty, —  
Thy calm, blue lakes, and cooling fountains,  
And murmuring rivers, fresh and free.  
The wide world's pomp is cold and dreary :  
Thou, thou alone, loved land, canst cheer me :  
I pine for thee ! I pine, I pine for thee !

## FESTIVE SONG.

UP! my German brothers, wake, ho!  
Festally we'll spend the night;  
Loud our songs of cheer shall echo,  
Till the morning-star beams bright.  
Now unstop the precious fountains;  
Here's the genuine German wine,  
Ripened on the German mountains,  
Pressed beside the ancient Rhine.

Is there one who proudly prizes  
Foreign speech and foreign drink?—  
German wines and words despises?—  
From our presence let him slink!  
Swell aloft the ready chorus!  
Hölty, Hagedorn, and Gleim  
Noble songs shall set before us,  
For we love the German rhyme.

MILLER.

## THE EXILE'S RETURN.

HOME of my youth, again I greet thee ;  
Scenes of my childhood, hail once more ;  
Blessed be the breeze that breathes so sweetly ;  
'Tis thine own breath, my native shore.  
But, ah, the friends who here should meet me,  
In foreign lands they roam, they sleep :  
Thou wide, wild sea, once more I greet thee ;  
My home is on a pathless deep.





## NOTES.



## NOTES.

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### NOTE A. PAGE 39.

THE River Bidassoa rises in the Pyrenees, and empties into the Bay of Biscay, at Fontarabia. It has been, in days of yore, a subject of much dispute between France and Spain, and the scene of many a sharp struggle. It is now the common property of the two countries, those who cross over to France paying duties to her, and those who pass the contrary way, to Spain. The old bridge, too, is said to have been built by the two countries jointly. This bridge, or its neighborhood, was somewhat memorable in the Peninsular war; but I have not been able to ascertain where or whether any such event actually took place as appears to be intended in the ballad. Nor do I know what Mina is meant. The name is famous in Spanish history. I have not, moreover, been able to find any account, in the books of the travellers, of that statue of Mina, on the Bidassoa bridge, which is represented as working such an effect on the Spaniards. As every legend must have an origin somewhere, probably this legend, excepting its general circumstances, had its origin in our author's mind.

### NOTE B. PAGE 43.

ON the platform of the Strasburg Cathedral may be seen, among other names, that of *Goethe*, carved during his academic years.

## NOTE C. PAGE 53.

A FEW particulars of Körner's history must be stated by way of explaining and illustrating some of the pieces translated from him, and may interest the reader.

Charles Theodore Körner was a young German soldier, scholar, poet, and patriot. He was born at Dresden, in the autumn of 1791, and fell in battle for his country at the early age of twenty-two. To him might be well applied, with a little variation, part of the language in which Shakspeare causes Hamlet to be described:

“ O, what a noble mind is here ! . . . .

The *minstrel's*, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword ! ”

On account of bodily weakness, young Körner had to spend the greater part of his earlier years in the open air. Most of that which makes parents in general vain of their children, he learned late. But he showed, from the earliest, a tender heart, and yet a firm will, great strength of attachment, and quickness of fancy. His early antipathy to every thing French was remarkable. By exercise in the open air, he soon gained great gymnastic strength and skill. His taste was great for the natural sciences and the fine arts, particularly music and poetry. For all of these he had a fine natural organization, and in all, his eye, ear, and hand, were early exercised. He used to compose songs, and sing them to the guitar and violin, with which he would roam about as a Troubadour. Schiller's ballads were probably what first echoed and encouraged from abroad the deep feelings of Körner's heart.

In his seventeenth year, he entered on the study of mining, at Freyburg, where he staid two years. He has written several very stirring songs in relation to this pursuit, picturing the interest and excitement of the miner's life, telling how,

hand in hand with Vulcan, he conquers the subterranean world, fights down old Cobold, and, entering into an eternal league with Pluto, roams fearlessly through *his* kingdom of terror. From Freyburg, after a short interval of miscellaneous travelling, Körner went to Leipsic University, where, however, on account of dissensions that prevailed among the students, and which he did his best, vainly, to appease, he remained but a short time. He next went to Vienna, where, in the course of fifteen months, he wrote, besides several lyrical pieces, two volumes of comedies, and three or four tragedies, of which, probably, Zriny, "the Hungarian Leonidas," as the hero of the play has been called, is the most celebrated. His success in this department gained him the place of theatre poet.

But Körner's fame as a dramatic writer is almost lost in his glory as the minstrel and martyr of liberty and patriotism, or, to use an expression literally corresponding to the German idiom, "freedom and Fatherland." While at Vienna, he heard the call of Prussia upon her sons to arm against French oppression. It found a faithful son in him. He broke away from the thousand charms of the gay city early in 1813. In the words of one of his own songs, addressing his country, "Neither music nor love could longer stay the storm of his soul.

Smiles of love and songs of gladness —  
 He must now all these resign,  
 Taste the parting cup of sadness,  
 And be thine."

"Often," he says, however, "through his tears, has he cast back a glance toward the past," and

"On the melodious bridge of song  
 Would his yearning heart glide back  
 To the golden land of love."

He repaired to Breslau, and joined a corps of volunteers collected and commanded by Major Lützow, composed of

several hundred refined and distinguished young men, of which body he afterward became lieutenant. This corps gained the name of "Lützow's wild Chase," which is the title of one of Körner's songs. The corps was consecrated in the village church a few days after Körner's arrival. The consecration ode was written by himself. A sermon was preached, and the whole ended with Luther's celebrated hymn, "Our God is a firm fortress."

It was during the leisure moments that he could steal from field and camp duty, Körner composed most of those martial songs which were afterward collected into the volume called "Lyre and Sword." These ballads are truly wonderful productions of genius. They are perfect as pieces of art, and yet have a simplicity which no song-writer but Burns equals. They blend in the most remarkable manner sweetness of melody with force, directness, and fire. A kindling spirit of religion, as well as patriotism, breathes through them all. Well might he be called "this inspired singer." It seems almost impossible to do at once full justice to the meaning and the melody of his ballads in a translation.

One of Körner's songs was written under singular circumstances. During a temporary and pretended truce (properly *ruse*) on the part of the French, Major Lützow, with his cavalry, was on his way to join the infantry of his legion, and had reached Kitzen, a village near Leipsic, when suddenly he found himself surrounded by overpowering numbers of foemen. Körner was sent to ask an explanation, instead of which he received a sword-blow from the leader of the enemy, which was followed by a general charge upon Lützow's squadrons, part of whom were taken or wounded, and the rest dispersed into the country. Körner was carried by his horse, wounded, toward the nearest wood. While engaged in binding up his wounds, he saw a troop of the enemy riding after him. His presence of mind failed him not. Turning toward the wood, he called out, with a loud voice, "Fourth squadron, advance!" which disconcerted the enemy, so that he had

time to plunge farther into the thicket. In this situation, he wrote on a piece of leather, and deposited in a tree, the piece afterwards published in the "Lyre and Sword," under the title "Farewell to Life; written as I lay wounded in a wood, and expected to die." The "Sword Song," so called, was written in his pocket-book only two hours before he fell, during a halt in a wood previous to the engagement, and was read by him to a comrade just as the signal was given for battle. This bold song represents the soldier chiding his sword, which, under the image of his iron bride, is impatient to come forth from her chamber, the scabbard, and be wedded to him on the field of battle, where each soldier shall press the blade to his lips.

Körner fell in an engagement with superior numbers near a thicket in the neighborhood of Rosenberg. He had advanced in pursuit of the flying foe too far beyond his comrades. They buried him under an old oak on the site of the battle, and carved his name on the trunk. The Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin requested Körner's father to let his remains be placed in the princely cemetery at Ludwigslust; but the father preferred that they should rest on the field of the battle, where he intended to erect a monument. Accordingly the duke sent materials for a tomb, and caused a cast-iron monument to be raised, on which the image of a lyre, crossed by a sword, and hung with a wreath, was relieved, and the following line inscribed, (being part of the last line but one of that ballad of Körner's, entitled the "Summons"):—

"Vergiss die treuen Todten nicht."  
(Forget not the faithful dead.)

His sister lived just long enough to finish a portrait of him, and a picture of his burial-place, and then followed him to the unknown land.



## NOTE D. PAGE 57.

MR. STRANG, in his "Germany in 1831," remarks : . . . . "The mausoleum of the late queen of Prussia . . . . stands at the extremity of a long walk, surrounded by cypress, weeping-willows, and larches. This structure, which is from a design by Schinkel, is of polished granite, and has a portico supported by four columns of the Doric order. A flight of steps leads to a doorway, the only opening in front of the building, on both sides of which stand two handsome vases, also of polished granite, in each of which at present flourishes a many-flowered hydrangia. The interior of the mausoleum is of marble, supported by four dark Italian marble columns. In the centre of this apartment, surmounting the tomb in which the remains of the queen repose, is the marble statue of her late majesty, from the chisel of Rauch, perhaps the finest work ever executed by that celebrated sculptor. The queen is represented asleep, reclining on a couch. The fine features, though still and calm, seem to breathe with dreaming life. The face bespeaks all that is fair and beautiful in woman, and indicates the sensibility as well as the nobleness of soul that once animated the lovely original. Art and affection have here united to gain a victory over the forgetfulness of the grave; and it is not too much to say, that they are entitled to the laurel. There is no inscription on the marble, or on the mausoleum. Queen Louisa required none. The virtues of her life, and the causes of her early death, are not only well known, but deeply engraven on the memory of the Prussian people. The being who perished of a broken heart, for the wrongs inflicted by a foreign foe upon her people, and who dropped into an untimely tomb, the victim of lacerated patriotism, is indeed worthy to be the idol of a nation's memory. The starting tear which bedewed the eyes of several ladies who were viewing this heaven-speaking statue, at once proclaimed, in our presence, their secret sym-



pathy, and the honest grief which each felt for the fate of her whose ashes lay below. During the liberation-war, the name of Louisa became a watchword in favor of national independence, while her patriotism proved a tutelar genius to the Prussian army."

## NOTE E. PAGE 60.

AN allusion to the exclamation of the celebrated Winkelried, mentioned in Note O.

## NOTE F. PAGE 63.

THE uniform of the corps was black, with a red stripe on the pantaloons.

## NOTE G. PAGE 69.

THIS piece, the author says, was written at Landow, where he was compelled to guard, for a long time, the banks of the Elbe. The translation of the first stanza is somewhat loose; but I trust the sentiment, and something of the fire, of the original, is there.

## NOTE H. PAGE 88.

EVERY one familiar with the original, must feel that, were it in this piece alone, the lamented author has truly adorned the literature of his native country, and erected a peculiarly appropriate and most worthy monument to the memory of his young countryman, whose spirit and principles, though in a different sphere of action, his own life so nobly and faithfully expressed. Dr. Follen was called to that harder strife and sorer struggle, to which "the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive," summons His servants. And may we

not well believe that the prayer, with which the poem alluded to closes, has been fulfilled for our revered friend and teacher, — that he, too, has found the “crown of thorns and starry wreath”?

I have heard Dr. Follen speak of Körner, and particularly of his patriotic songs, in the most enthusiastic terms. He said there was nothing of the kind equal to them in the literature of the world. He spoke with a peculiar emphasis of the young author, as one who seemed really inspired. I hope the specimens which have been given in this volume have revealed, in some not unworthy measure, the grounds of such a testimony.

#### NOTE I. PAGE 135.

THIS song opens Act III. of the play. The scene is laid in a park; the front ground covered with trees; in the rear an extensive prospect.

“MARY dances along with swift steps through the trees. HANNAH KENNEDY, her nurse, follows slowly.”

KENNEDY.

“You skip along as if you’d wings indeed;  
I cannot follow so; I pray you, stop!”

Then follow the first eight lines of Mary’s song.

KENNEDY.

“O my dear lady, you’re a captive still,  
Only your prison is a whit enlarged.  
You see not now the wall of our abode,  
Only because ’tis hidden from your eyes  
By the thick foliage of the park.”

MARY.

“O, thanks,” &c.

Here follow the next two paragraphs of the song.

## KENNEDY.

"Alas, dear lady! you're beside yourself;  
This strange and sudden freedom 'wilders you."

Then comes the next paragraph of the song.

## KENNEDY.

"Alas, vain wishes! Do you not perceive  
Yon spying steps that follow us afar?  
A gloomy, awful warning scares away  
Every kind-hearted creature from our path."

## MARY.

"No, no, good Hannah; trust me, not in vain  
Have they thrown open thus my prison-door.  
The smaller favor prophesies to me  
Of greater good to come. I do not err.  
This to the active hand of love I owe.  
I mark herein Lord Leicester's mighty arm.  
They will enlarge my prison by degrees,  
By less accustom me to greater, till,  
At last, I shall behold the face of him  
Who comes to loose my bonds forevermore."

## KENNEDY.

"Ah, queen! I cannot reconcile these things.  
But yesterday they came to announce your death;  
And, lo! to-day, this sudden liberty!  
*They* also have their fetters loosed, I've heard,  
Whose everlasting freedom is at hand!"

At that moment, the horns are heard, which announce that Queen Elizabeth is hunting in the neighborhood. And here follow the closing lines of the song.

I feel how poorly I have expressed, in the translation, the imitative music of this exquisite piece. I leave to some more fortunate hand that most perfect line, (the fourth,) describing the dance over the green carpet of the meadow —

"Prüfen den leichten, geflügelten Schritt;"

and also that beautiful and touching address to the clouds —

“Eilende Wolken! Segler der Luft!”

NOTE J. PAGE 138.

THIS helmet was one which Bertrand, a farmer, who lived near Joan's father, had brought from one of the neighboring market towns. The manner in which he became possessor of it, is thus described in the play: —

BERTRAND.

“Myself am hardly conscious how the thing  
Came to my hand. I was at Vaucouleurs —  
Had bought me iron ware — the market-place  
Was all alive with a tumultuous throng,  
For travellers had just come from Orleans,  
Breathless, with war and evil tidings charged.  
Soon the whole town in uproar ran together;  
And, as I forced my way along the press,  
A brown Bohemian woman, with this helm,  
Accosted me, fixed on me a keen eye,  
And said, ‘You’re looking for a helmet, friend;  
I know you want a helmet; — here, take this!  
Give a mere trifle, and the thing is yours.’  
— ‘Go to the lancers, woman,’ I replied;  
I am a farmer; what need I the helm?’  
Still she desisted not, but further spake:  
‘No man can say he needs not, in these times,  
The helmet. A steel roof above the brow  
Is worth far more just now than house of stone.’  
And thus she followed me from street to street,  
And seemed as she would force the helmet on me.  
I took it — looked at it — ’twas clean and white,  
And worthy to adorn a knightly brow;  
And, while in doubt I weighed it in my hand,  
And on the singular adventure mused,

Sudden the woman vanished from my sight;  
The impetuous current of the swaying crowd  
Had borne her off, and left the helmet mine."

Joan, who is standing by, immediately seizes the helmet, as intended by divine Providence for her, and wears it ever after.

The tree, alluded to at the end of the third stanza, was an old Druid oak, near Joan's home, which was held to be enchanted, and which she thus describes in the sequel of the play:—

"Hard by my native village stands an old,  
Time-hallowed image of God's Mother, shrine  
Of many a distant pilgrim's pious steps.  
A holy oak spreads near its sheltering arms,  
For miracles of blessed influence famed.  
Beneath its shadow 'twas my joy to sit  
And watch the flock: my heart yearned toward that tree;  
And if it chanced to me, some poor lamb strayed  
Through mountain wilds, I found it in my dream,  
When in the shadow of that oak I slept."

NOTE K. PAGE 139.

THIS scene opens the fourth act of the play. It is necessary to state, by way of explanation, that Joan, at the close of the previous act, had violated her vows to the Virgin, by falling in love with Lionel, the English general, when she had disarmed him, and was just about to kill him on the field of battle.

The scene is, "A hall, gayly decorated; the columns hung round with festoons;—behind the scene, flutes and haut-boys."

Just before the words, "Hark! ah me!" &c., about a third of the way through the song, "the music behind the scene

changes gradually into a soft, melting melody." And before the line, "Peaceful crook," &c., "the flutes repeat; she sinks into a still melancholy."

NOTE L. PAGE 174.

THIS title refers simply to the form of the verse — the character of the rhythm.

NOTE M. PAGE 185.

THESE specimens of Klopstock's Odes are offered with a full consciousness that I have but very imperfectly succeeded in making my English imitate the rhythm, while representing the sense of the original. I hope the reader's ear will recognize, in the latter pieces, enough of the regularly-returning movement and melody to justify their being divided into lines beginning with capitals; and as to the first, if the form of that should seem more declamatory than poetic, I would plead, in justification of having inserted the piece, (with all due deference to Goethe's too minute criticism,) the poetry of the thought, and sentiment, and imagery; although it may still seem to many unnecessary to have undertaken a new *prose* translation after the excellent one by William Taylor, of Norwich.

NOTE N. PAGE 189.

"HERMANN, or, as the Roman historians call him, Arminius, was a chieftain of the Cheruskans, a tribe in Northern Germany. After serving in Illyria, and there learning the Roman arts of warfare, he came back to his native country, and fought successfully for its independence. He defeated,

beside a defile near Detmold, in Westphalia, the Roman legions under Varus, with a slaughter so mortifying, that the Proconsul is said to have killed himself, and Augustus to have received the catastrophe with indecorous expressions of grief." — TAYLOR'S *"Survey of German Poetry."*

#### NOTE O. PAGE 193.

THE following account of the battle of Sempach is translated from Zchokke's "History of Switzerland:" —

"It was at harvest-time. The sun stood high and blazed hot. The Swiss fell upon their knees and prayed. Then they rose; four hundred of Lucerne, nine hundred from the cantons, one hundred from Glarus, Zug, Gersau, Entlibuch, and Rothenburg. All rushed furiously against the iron host. In vain; not one could break through. Man after man sank. Sixty corpses of the confederates lay bleeding on the ground. All staggered.

"'I will make a lane for freedom!' cried suddenly a thundering voice: 'Faithful, fond comrades, have a care for my wife and child!' Thus spake Arnold Struthan, of Winkelried, the chivalric Unterwaldener, and straightway hugged with both arms as many of the foemen's spears as he could, buried them in his body, and sank. And over his corpse a torrent of the confederates broke through the gap in the iron wall, storm-like, crushing. How crashed helm and armor under the blows of the morning-stars! Then many hundred sparkling coats of mail waxed bloody-red. . . . . This was the issue of the battle at Sempach, on the ninth day of the Hay-month, 1386; such the eternally beautiful fruit of the heroic achievement and death-consecration of Arnold von Winkelried."

The word translated "host," in the first stanza, is "Harst," (*Horst*?) literally, "nest." It proved to be a nest of "two-headed eagles" to the Austrians.



The "misty bridge," which suggests that bold and beautiful comparison in the last stanza but one, is the celebrated "Staub-brücke," or "Spray-bridge," (literally, *Dust-bridge*), also called the Devil's bridge, which leads from Switzerland to Italy.

The author of this poem is a brother to the late Dr. Follen.

#### NOTE P. PAGE 215.

I HAVE not been able to learn that this vast and voluminous writer, — this "Titan" of German authors, and of German poets, too, — so full of all spirits and forms of poetry, — ever wrote a verse. I hope, however, to be more than pardoned for introducing here a few passages more from his "Titan."

The hero, Albano, Count of Cesara, is on his way to revisit the home of his childhood, the enchanting island, Isola Bella, in Lago Maggiore.

"Beneath the splendor of a full moon they went on board the barque, and glided away over the gleaming waters. ....

"Cesara sank silently deeper and deeper into the glimmering beauties of the shore and the night. The nightingales warbled, as if inspired, on the triumphal gate of spring. His heart grew in his breast like a melon under its glass bell, and his breast heaved higher and higher over the swelling fruit. All at once, he reflected that in this way he should look upon the tulip-tree of the sparkling morn and the garlands of the isle, just as if he were watching an artificial Italian silk-flower put together, stamen by stamen, leaf by leaf: — then he was possessed with his old thirst for one single draining draught from nature's horn of plenty; he shut his eyes, not to open them again till he should stand upon the highest terrace of the island before the morning sun. ....

"The mantle of night grew thinner and cooler; the morn-



ing air fanned the breast like a living wing; the song of the lark mingled with the songs of the nightingales and of the boatmen — and he heard, beneath his bandage, which was growing lighter and lighter, the joyful discoveries of his friends, who saw, in the open cities along the shore, the swarms of men springing to life, and on the waterfalls of the mountains, the alternate reflections of clouds and ruddy sky. At last, the breaking splendors of morn hung like a festoon of Hesperides'-apples around the distant summits of the chestnut-trees; — and now they disembarked upon Isola Bella.

“The determined dreamer heard, as they ascended with him the ten terraces of the garden, the deeply-breathed sigh of overpowering joy close at his side, and all the rapid exclamations and commands of astonishment; but he held the bandage fast, and went blindfold from terrace to terrace, regaled with orange fragrance, refreshed by higher, freer breezes, fanned by laurel foliage; — and when they had gained, at last, the highest terrace, and looked down upon the lake, heaving its green waters sixty yards below, Schoppé cried, ‘Now! now!’ but Cesara said, ‘No! the sun first!’ and at that moment the morning wind flung up the sunlight, gleaming through the dark twigs, and it flamed free on the summits, — and Dian forcibly tore off the blinder, and said, ‘Look round!’ — ‘O God!’ cried the youth, with a shriek of ecstasy, as all the gates of the new heaven flew open, and the Olympus of Nature, with its thousand enchanting gods, stood around him. What a world! There stood the Alps, like brother giants of the old world, linked together, far away in the past, and held high up over against the sun the shining shields of the glaciers. The giants had on blue girdles of forests; and at their feet lay hills and vineyards; and through the aisles and arches of grape-clusters the morning winds were playing with cascades as with water-ribbons; and the liquid, brimming mirror of the lake hung

down by the ribbons from the mountains; and the mountains trembled far down in the mirror, and a branch-work of chestnut groves formed its frame. . . . Albano turned slowly round and round, looked to the heights, into the depths, into the sun, into the blossoms; and on all summits the alarm-fires of mighty Nature were burning, and in all depths their reflections. A creative earthquake beat, like a heart under the earth, and sent forth mountains and seas. . . . O, then, when he saw, on the bosom of the infinite Mother, the little swimming children, as they went gliding along under every wave and under every cloud, — and when the morning breeze drove distant ships in between the Alps, — and when *Isola Madre* towered up opposite to him, with her seven gardens, tempting him to lean upon the air, and be wafted over from his summit to her own, — and when he saw the pheasants darting down from the madre into the waves, — then did he seem to stand like a newly-fledged storm-bird on his blooming nest: the morning wind spread his arms abroad like wings, and he longed to cast himself over the terrace after the pheasants, and cool his heart in the tide of Nature.”

. . . . .

“With such swelling emotions Albano now stood alone behind the palace, toward the south, when a sport of his boyish years occurred to him.

“He had, namely, often, in May, during a heavy wind, climbed up into a thick-limbed apple-tree, which supported a whole green, hanging cabinet, and had laid himself down in the arms of its branches. And when, in this situation, the wavering pleasure-grove swung him about amidst the sly sporting of the lily-butterflies, and the hum of bees, and insects, and the clouds of blossoms, — and when the flaunting top now buried him in rich green, now launched him into deep blue, and now into the sunshine, — then did his fancy stretch the tree to gigantic dimensions; it grew alone in the universe, as if it were the tree of endless life; its roots pierced far down

into the abyss; the white and red clouds hung upon it as blossoms, the moon as a fruit, the little stars glistened like dew; and Albano reposed in its infinite summit, and a storm swayed the summit from day into night, and from night into day. ....

“And now he stood looking up to a tall cypress. A south-east breeze had arisen from its siesta in Rome, and, flying along, had cooled itself by the way in the tops of the lemon-trees, and in a thousand brooks, and now lay cradled in the arms of the cypress. Then he climbed up the tree, in order, at least, to tire himself. But how did the world stretch out before him, with its woods, its islands, and its mountains, when he saw the thunder-cloud lying over Rome’s seven hills, just as if that old spirit were speaking from the gloom, which once wrought in the seven hills, as in seven Vesuviuses, that had stood before the face of the earth so many centuries with fiery columns, with up-heaving tempests, and had overspread it with clouds, and ashes, and fertility, till they at last rent themselves asunder! The mirror-wall of the glaciers stood, unmelted, before the warm rays of heaven, and only glistened and remained cold and hard; from the broad expanse of the lake the sunny hills seemed on every hand to rise up as from their bath, and the little ships of men seemed to lie, fast stranded, in the distance; and, floating far and wide around him, the great spirits of the past went by, and under their invisible tread only the woods bowed themselves, the flower-beds scarcely at all.”.....

NOTE Q. PAGE 228.

THERE is a remarkable coincidence—how it arose I know not—between this last couplet and a couplet of Coleridge, concluding a “Sonnet, composed by the Sea-side, October, 1817:”—

“ Or, listening to the tide with closéd sight,  
 Be that blind bard, who, on the Chian strand,  
 By those deep sounds possessed, with inward light  
*Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey*  
*Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea ! ”*

Almost word for word —

“ Und Iliad und Odyssey  
 Entiegen mit Gesang der See.”

#### NOTE R. PAGE 236.

I TRUST the German reader will not think I have suffered the double meaning of the German word “ Regiment ” to run away with me here. I am aware what the strict sense of the author is — that old Winter journeys back and forth between his winter residence at the north pole and his summer residence in Switzerland, to *keep good government* throughout his dominions —

“ Da ist er denn bald dort, bald hier,  
*Gut Regiment zu führen.”*

I have introduced the standing army by name merely for the sake of a poor rhyme.

#### NOTE S. PAGE 247.

I HAVE met with no less than three different readings of this line in the original. One says,

“ Es dampft der Thal; es rauscht das Meer.”  
 (The vale *smokes* [with fog or vapor]; the sea murmurs.)

Another says, "*Es ruft der Thal*," (The vale *calls*;) and a third has it, "*Es ruht der Thal*," (The vale *réposes*.) I have combined the two latter ideas in my version.

## NOTE T. PAGE 281.

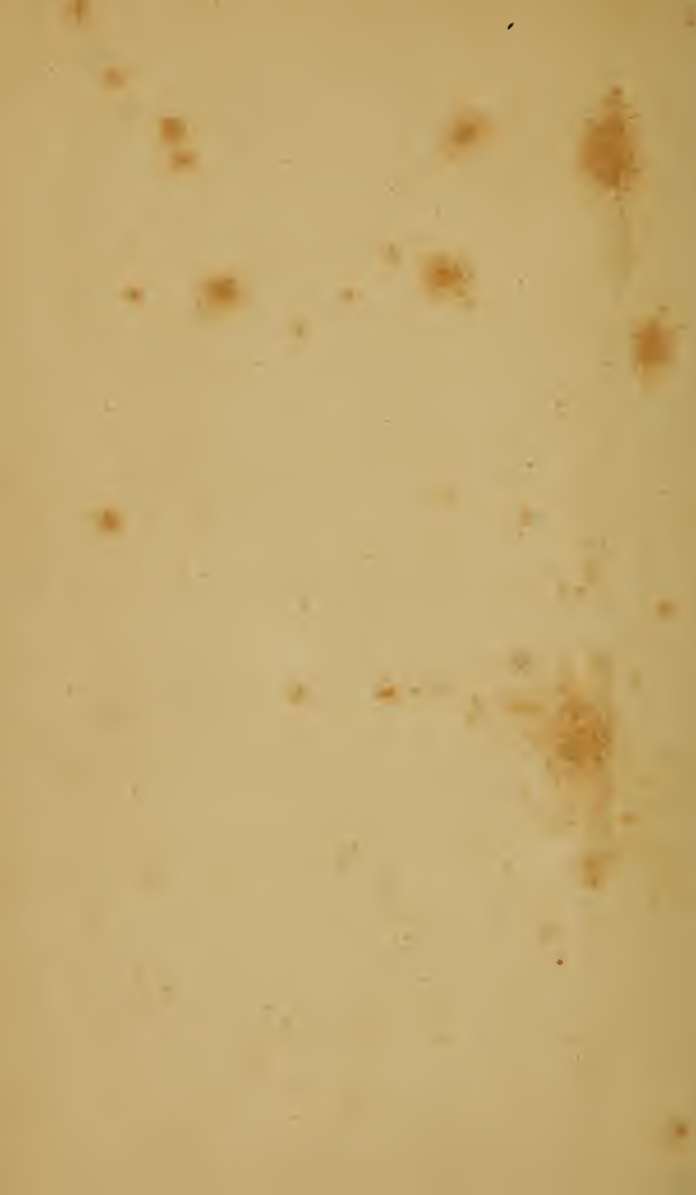
HENRY NELSON COLERIDGE, in his Preface to Coleridge's "Table Talk," remarks — "What Mr. Dequincey says about the Hymn in the vale of Chamouni is just. This glorious composition, of upwards of ninety lines, is truly indebted for many images and some striking expressions to Frederica Brunn's little poem. The obligation is so clear, that a reference to the original ought certainly to have been given, as Coleridge gave in other instances. Yet, as to any ungenerous wish on the part of Mr. Coleridge to conceal the obligation, I, for one, totally disbelieve it: the words and images that are taken are taken bodily and without alteration, and not the slightest art is used — and a little would have sufficed — to disguise the fact of any community between the two poems."

This paragraph, so far as it touches the German piece, will hardly satisfy any one but a kinsman of Coleridge, or a very partial friend. The writer speaks, a little farther on, of the German lines as *glorified* by Coleridge. Why not say, also, that his composition is glorified by them? For how can any impartial reader of the German help feeling this to be the fact? He says, a little art would have sufficed to disguise the fact of any community between the two poems. Yes; but that little art must have consisted in not borrowing from Frederica Brunn's piece any thing of value; in other words, not borrowing from it at all, — for it is all solid and sublime. As Lacon says in regard to plagiarism from Shakspeare, it would be "like stealing an anchor," (and a gold anchor, too,) to think of carrying away such thoughts and images as these of the German poetess, without letting the theft be known. I

am not charging Coleridge with theft; on the contrary, I am saying that the German piece in question is too *weighty* to admit of being stolen. How could such sentiments have been taken without the thoughts, and how the thoughts without the words?

THE END.







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